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THE CITY GATE OF ST. AUGUSTINE FLORIDA —See page 357.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

II.



Inca Huira Cocha.

MAYTA CAPAC, the son of Lloque was the fourth Inca, and began to reign about the beginning of the thirteenth century. His period was remarkable chiefly for the discovery of the ruins of Tiahuanaco, and the invention of suspension-bridges. He also added considerable provinces to the empire. Capac Yupanqui, the fifth Inca, followed his father's career of conquest, and extended his dominion to the Pacific coast. Rocca, the sixth Inca, subjugated the tribes north of Cuzco and in the province of Amancaes, where were found in great abundance those beautiful lilies which, since his time, became the *lilies of the Incas*. Botanically, they are known as the *Narcissus amancaes*. The district is now called Abancay, and the lilies have disappeared. Rocca founded the first schools in which the professors taught science, music, and literature.

Yuahar-Huacac was the seventh Inca, and made great conquests. During his absence, his son Viracocha started a revolt, which he suppressed with great slaughter, at first, pillaging Cuzco, his own capital, which the insurgents had held. He was, however, subsequently defeated by Viracocha in a pitched battle, and compelled to abdicate. It was in his time that the bird-guano, found upon the rocks of the sea-coast, was first applied to agricultural purposes by the Peruvians. The material was annually distributed to the people in lots to suit the extent of the land they tilled. Sentinels guarded the deposits, and the



Inca Pacha Cutis.

penalty of death was imposed upon any one caught upon the islands during the incubating-season of the *huaneros* or guano-birds.

The reign of the Inca Viracocha was distinguished for the extension he gave to agriculture, the aqueducts he built, and the canals he constructed for the purposes of irrigation. He also constructed



Coya Mama Runto.

several temples to the sun, and conquered eleven new provinces. In his day regularly began the visits of inspection, which the Incas were afterward accustomed to make to all the subdivisions of their empire.

Pachacutec, Viracocha's son, was the ninth Inca, and he broke through the old rule constraining the royal rulers to marry a sister. He took to wife a noble lady of the people, and made many warlike conquests.

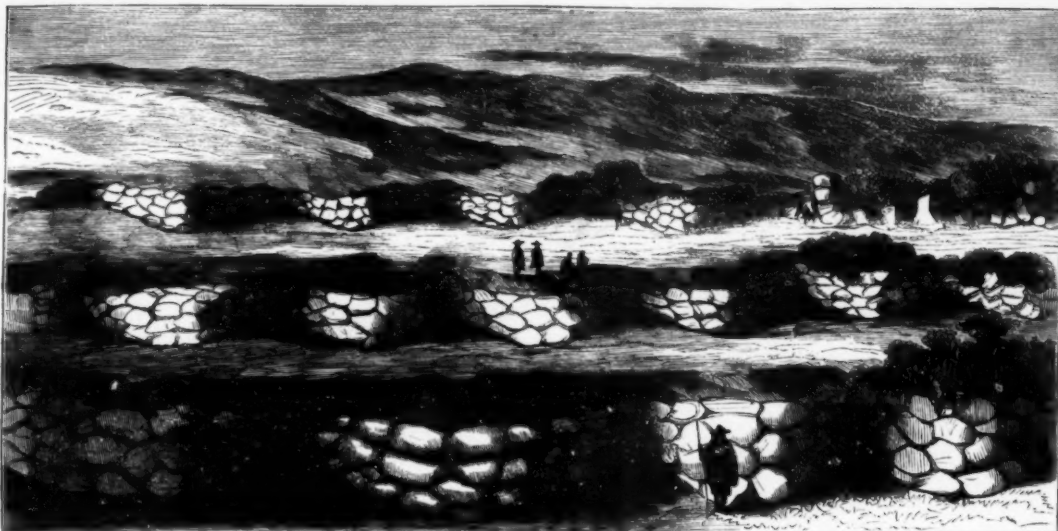
In these successive reigns, the forms of the head-dress and of the various emblems of authority, including the sceptre, had been variously changed. The huge ear-ornaments, mentioned by us in noting the first two reigns, had given place to round ear-rings of gold, all in one piece, as large as a saucer. For the simple turban of woollen twist had been substituted a cap or bonnet of brown wool, resembling the Phrygian cap in shape, and some of the Incas had combined with this a plate of gold, surmounted by myrtle-leaves, wrought in the same metal, or an aigrette or plume, borrowed from the *Parihuana* bird, the *Ardea alba*. Pachacutec promulgated new sumptuary laws, and adopted for his crown a golden mitre, with front bands of gold which, in some degree, recalled the *pschent* of the Egyptian sphinxes. This mitre had a plume consisting of two upright tail-feathers, half white and half black, of the bird *corre-quesque*—*Vultur gryphus*. A dull-red



Coya Mama Anahuasqui.

woollen fringe, two fingers in breadth, fell over the forehead, and the immense gold ear-rings, last described, completed this striking head-dress.

To the original garment of the Incas, the short shirt of one piece, called the *unku*, which greatly resembled the short tunic of the mod-



FORTRESS OF SACSABUAMAN.

ern Arabs, and of the ancient Egyptians, came to be added a mantle, called *llacolla*. Pachacutec also introduced knee-pieces of gold, and sandals of the same metal, on which the image of the sun was represented. A parade-shield, a sceptre of gold and of silver, in allusion to the sun and the moon, called *Champpi*, meaning an alloy of the two metals, completed the new costume. The same Inca varied the hitherto exclusive use of woollen stuffs by introducing cotton, of which the subject tribes, beyond the Cordilleras, furnished the first samples. The same nations furnished perfumes and odoriferous woods, from which were made the handles of the litters, and the plumes intended for the *achihuas*, or many-colored parasols, held above the heads of the emperors by little hunch-backed dwarfs, who filled the office of buf-foon at court. The embroideries, or rather the designs woven in the cotton stuffs, became, in the course of time, marvellously delicate, and, instead of the three or four colors uniformly repeated, until then, in the woollen stuffs, they presented varieties of shading as well as of pattern, and threads of gold and silver were interwoven with them to heighten the effect.

It was in the reign of Pachacutec that the art of *pottery*, for which the Peruvians afterward became so celebrated, attained its perfection. The delicacy, rich tint, and singular originality of their vases, so greatly admired to-day, date from the time of this Inca, and served as models to succeeding generations of potters. Among the curiosities of this period were works in gold and silver filagree, representing flowers in full bloom, birds with their tails spread, and shaped to burn per-fumes; statuettes of gold and silver, or of inflated *champi*, in a style that greatly reminds one of Etrurian and Egyptian wares; women with the *pacent* head-dress, etc., etc. Specimens of these were found in the old tombs by the Spanish invaders, and have been handed down by old families as heir-looms to their descendants.

Yupanqui, the tenth Inca, still extended the limits of the empire, and completed the adornment of the Temple of the Sun. His peculiar fancy was to collect the

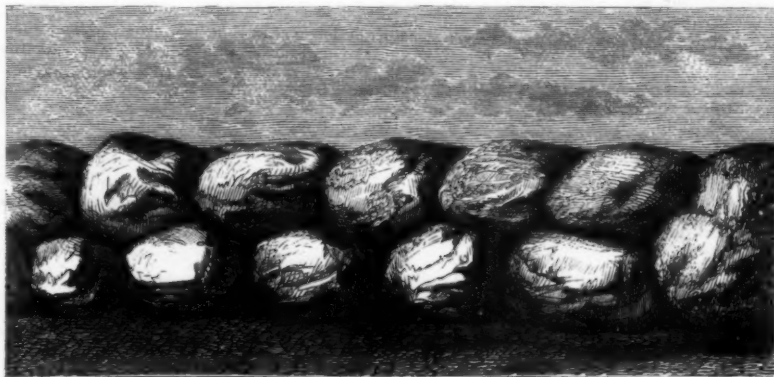
wild denizens of the woods and fields, and, in carrying out this mania, he constructed four large buildings at Cuzco, in one of which he kept birds of every description; in another, boas and snakes; in a third, *pumas*, otherwise called the lions of South America; and in the fourth, jaguars of every variety and difference of fur. The last edifice, which was on top of the hill Amahuara, was more remarkable for the collection of dead humanity that it contained, than even for the jaguars. There were in it the bodies of one hundred Chanca Indians, who had been previously *skinned* alive, by the order of the Inca, to punish them for revolting. Their skins had then been tanned, painted in vivid colors, and stuffed with cinders, so as to represent musicians holding drums and flutes, and dancers hanging to the wall.

Tupac Yupanqui was the eleventh Inca, and to him is ascribed that remarkable fortress of Sacahuaman, which the old Spanish chroniclers mentioned as the eighth wonder of the world, and about which more modern writers have put forth such rhapsodies.

One of the later historians uses this enthusiastic language: "I have seen Cuzco. It interests me beyond measure. Its history, its fables, and its ruins, are enchanting. It may properly be called the Rome of America. The immense fortress, situated on the north of the city, is its capitol, and the Temple of the Sun its Coliseum. Man-co Capac was its Romulus, and Viracocha its Augustus; Huascar its Pompey, and Atahualpa its Caesar. Pizarro, Almagro, Valdivia, and Toledo, were the Huns, Goths, and Christians, who destroyed it. Tapac Amaru was its Belisarius, who gave it a day of hope, and Puma-chua was its Rienzi and last patriot."

The fortress, which was made famous by Diego Hernandez and his

consorts, who have left glowing descriptions of its buildings, towers, and pavilions in-laid with gold, had three walls, consisting of a series of half moons, still existing as they are seen in the picture. Each wall had twenty-two salient and twenty-two re-entering angles, and a gateway or entrance formed of huge monoliths. The stones used in



MASONRY OF SACSABUAMAN.



INCA OF PERU AND HIS EMPRESS.

the construction of this fortress, which were the largest ever employed by the Incas, were called *saycuscos*, or fatiguing, from the verb *saycunai*, to fatigue, or tire.

Huayna Ceapac was the eleventh Inca, and the chief wonder of his reign was the marvellous chain of gold which we have elsewhere described as having been thrown into the lake at Urcos. But to Huayna Ceapac it was reserved to behold a vision that had not been vouchsafed to any of his predecessors. He was at Tumipampa when, for the first time, he saw the apparition of terrible, bearded white men, rushing past on winged monsters over the southern seas. These were the Spaniards on their caravels, and he had seen Vasco Nuñez de Balboa on his ship, tacking past Sechura and San Miguel. Huayna died at Quito of a congestion of the lungs, brought on by entering a cold bath when in profuse perspiration. But on his death-bed he predicted that strangers, sent by the Deity (*Pachacamac*), would possess themselves of America, and put an end to the dynasty of the Incas.

Inti Cusi Huallpa, or Huascar, the eldest son of Huayna, succeeded as the thirteenth Inca. The father, before dying, had divided his vast empire into two unequal parts; the richest, which was the real empire of the Sun, the Aylla Ceozco, going to the regular descendant, Huascar, and the other or tributary portion to Atahualpa, an illegitimate son of the Inca. But Huascar was not content, and three years of terrible warfare, with large armies on either side, ensued. At length Huascar was captured, and the insignia of royalty torn from him; and Atahualpa, then resting in Caxamarca, saw himself in fancy the sole monarch of a mighty state, when, as though by a visitation of God, Francisco Pizarro and his companions, who had disembarked at Tumbes and crossed the Sierras, entered the city. Atahualpa, disconcerted as he was, conciliated the strangers with rich presents; but Huascar managed to communicate with them, and claim their protection. Pizarro, with the skill of the attorney who swallowed the oyster and gave the disputants the two shells, simply decided to oust both claimants and seize the sceptre himself. During that very night, he organized a ruthless massacre of the Indians, and imprisoned Atahualpa in his own palace. Meanwhile Huascar was at Andamarca in the custody of two of Atahualpa's generals, who, hearing of the Spaniard's movement, strangled Huascar in prison. This was fine news for the invading stranger, and within a few days poor Atahualpa, in his turn, was arraigned as a fratricide, usurper, and heretic, before a military tribunal over which Pizarro presided, and was condemned to be burned alive. This sentence was, however, commuted on condition that he would renounce idolatry and be baptized. This he consented to do, received baptism with the name of Juan, and was garroted on the 3d of May, 1532. Pizarro—one of the most consummate scoundrels whose baseness history records—attended his obsequies, and went through the sham of wearing mourning for twenty days, after having received a ransom of more than seven million dollars in gold and silver bars from his betrayed victim.

Such was the downfall of the glorious line of princes whose wisdom and daring built up a renowned empire amid the South American wastes.

A list, or *imperial tree of descent*, showing the relatives of the Incas who did not reign, was painted and written upon Chinese velvet, by an artist of Cuzco, in the sixteenth century. It was then preserved very carefully in the archives of the cathedral, not merely on account of its value as an historical document, but because of the time spent on its preparation. It cost the illuminator and penman six years of incessant labor. As it consisted of eighty medallions of emperors and empresses, and a text of about five hundred words, the artist must have written one word only in every four days, and have painted one medallion in every three weeks. This treasure subsequently disappeared; but a copy of it still exists—in the possession of a family of Inca origin, whose name may be traced to that of the ninth reigning monarch, Aylo Cuzco Panaca—and from it the portraits given were also taken.

The dynasty of the Incas, however, although displaced, was not entirely and absolutely extinguished by the domination of the Spaniards; on the contrary, the latter set it up again for a few years under their tutelage, during the troubled period that preceded the establishment of the viceroys, as though they desired to give some show of legality to their usurpation. But the attempt was a failure, and these *protected* Incas were but shadows of the real kings.

The fourteenth Inca, who, under this arrangement, put on the insignia of power, was Manco, the younger brother of Huascar. Like

his hapless relative, he reigned but three years, and then was killed at a game of skittles by a Spaniard named Gomez Perez. Some dispute arising, he had struck the Spaniard, when the latter hurled one of the heavy balls at his head, and killed him on the spot. The Spaniard was torn to pieces by the enraged populace.

The Incas now became mixed up by intermarriage with their conquerors, and the very last of even the *protectorate* was represented in the person of Cristoval Paullu, the seventeenth and last who wore the diadem. He reigned for a brief space, then abdicated in favor of the Spaniards, and retired to the valley of Yucay, some twenty miles to the northeast of Cuzco, where he tranquilly ended his days. With him disappeared the moral authority of the Incas, and the prestige attached to their name. In 1781, Gabriel Tupac Amaru, having attempted to revive it, was drawn and quartered at Cuzco. His wife, his two sons, his uncle, and his nephew, being accused of participation in the conspiracy, perished with him. Before dying, he uttered the prophecy that *the germs of liberty which he had sown in the minds of his countrymen would develop, and, one day, fructify in the breath of tyranny*. Forty-three years later, Simon Bolivar and San Martin realized, on the plains of Ayacucho, the prophecy of Tupac Amaru, by driving out the last of the viceroys, and establishing the independence of Peru.

MY AUTUMN TRIP.

By ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DOWNE," ETC.

THERE were only three of us, and yet we could not amicably act in unison as regards our autumn outing this year. As the eldest Miss Linley, and in a measure the head of the family, I feel that I ought to have led the way whithersoever it pleased me to go, and enforced my two younger sisters' attendance on my pleasure. But we three Linleys are very much in the habit of giving way to and trying to please each other. So, when I said we would accept the Maxwells' invitation to stay with them six weeks in their shooting-box up in the Highlands, our youngest—Kate, the pet—looked so unhappy, that Alice and I at once determined she must be suffered to go somewhere else.

"I had hoped for a quiet bit of autumn life in the English country this year, Dora," she said, when I questioned her. "Now I find that I am to go up to be chilled to death in that horrible 'bracing air' about which old Lady Maxwell always raves; that is all."

"And that is enough!" Alice and I exclaimed together; "we give up Killisdane Lodge; but where would you like to go—Biarritz?"

"No, Biarritz is too gay for me," Kate said, solemnly, shaking her head, and trying to look as if she were not the most untiring seeker of gayety in our set in the season. "I want the quiet English country."

"What part of it?" Alice asked—"a Lincolnshire fen, or a Cumberland lake, or a Devonshire moor; where do you want to go? Only say, and Dora and I will see if your wish can be satisfied."

Kate got up and made us a little mock courtesy of gratitude and respect. "You're a pair of the best elder sisters in the world," she said, heartily; "but really, now you give me my choice, I am ashamed to confess that I have not got one."

"Then it is simply caprice, and so we had better decide for you?" I said.

"Ah, now Dora, our 'simple caprices' are so dear to us, you know," she said, winningly; and when Kate likes she can be very winning, indeed, for she has melting eyes of Irish blue, and a touch of the Irish accent that falls like honey-dew from her tongue. "Give me till to-night, and then I will make up my mind where I want to go and recruit for the winter campaign."

"I suppose we must do as she wishes," I said, appealing to Alice, and Alice replied, "Yes, I suppose we must." And so it was settled, and Kate went off to dress for the last party—positively the last party—of the season.

"Do you think she can have any ulterior motive in wanting to get away into the quiet country?" I asked, when Alice and I were alone; and Alice said: "The desire to see a new place, and a new phase of life, that is all, I fancy." So I made up my mind to let Kate follow her whim wherever it led her.

"Have you made up your mind where it is to be?" I asked her when we were coming home that night.

"Yes," she said; "Mrs. Randolph asked me long since to go and stay with her whenever I felt inclined. I shall go there, now."

"What! down in Norfolk?" I asked. And Kate answered:

"Down in Norfolk. Why the tone of surprise?"

"If you had selected the west of England; but to go due east—I don't understand you."

"Well," Kate said, laughing, "now I am disposed of—where will Alice and you go—to Killisdane Lodge?"

"No, no!" I said, "the Maxwells won't want us without you; we will go to Brighton, Alice."

"No!" Alice replied, "let us go our several ways for once; we shall have more to talk about in the long winter evenings that we may have to spend alone. You like Brighton and I don't, so I will go down and stay at Tawleigh, with my old friend Nina."

"But Nina is no longer Nina Grey. Mrs. Pagley Crawford may not be able to receive you."

"Trust her," Alice said, laughing; "Nina will be too glad to get an old comrade who has gone through several town campaigns to stay with her at Tawleigh, unless the Rev. Pagley Crawford has effected a greater change in her than I believe it to be in any man's power to effect in Nina."

"But you don't know him," I urged, as a last objection.

"I soon shall when I am staying in his house," Alice replied. And so it was settled that we should go our several ways.

A week after this, I was breakfasting alone in my drawing-room at Brighton, with long letters from both my sisters open before me. I read the one from Kate first:

"BRENT GRANGE, August 4.

"MY DEAR DORA: I am not tired of these eastern wilds yet" (she had only been there two days). "Mrs. Randolph met me in a pony-carriage at the most primitive station I have ever dreamed of—much less seen. There was nothing but a platform and a porter, and both were of the roughest description. I was feeling very doubtful about getting out at all when I caught sight of her pretty laughing face over the railing, and presently she came round to me with a couple of big setters jumping about her, and gave me a hearty kiss, and told me I was 'a little darling for having come to her at last.'"

"Before I go any further, I must tell you that Ella is quite as pretty—quite as fashionable-looking—quite as well up in the latest news, literary, political, and artistic—as she was during her 'rapid career' in London, before the handsome Norfolk squire carried her off. She has not deteriorated in the smallest degree, though she has been living out of the world so long. Her ponies and carriage are perfect in their ways; and the Grange (though it is not a bit the old-fashioned place I expected to see) is very pretty. It is covered inside and out with flowers; jessamine and clematis creep in at the windows, and ivy-leaved geraniums creep out. I can't say anything about the society yet. But to-morrow I am to be introduced to it at an archery-ball. There is nothing very dangerous in the neighborhood; at least if there is, I haven't discovered him (danger must come to me in the form of 'him,' you know) yet. At the archery-ball, for instance, Ella warns me that I am not to expect any partners besides Mr. Haldon—the doctor of these diggings—and 'mine host,' her husband. When I asked, 'Why not?' she says, 'Oh! young men are so precious down here, that they're all bespoken from their cradles.' N. B.—This folly is only repeated to you, Dora, in order that your sisterly anxiety may be assuaged. I could write reams about the superiority of Brent Grange to 'London super-mari,' or 'London at the wash,' as you know who, used to call it. If Alice is as harmlessly employed as I am, your elder-sisterly heart need know no aches this autumn. You votary of fashion and dissipation! I fancy I see you now, in a dull room in Broad Street, looking out of the corner of your eye on a glaring sea that makes that corner ache; while I, your junior, am far from the busy haunts of men, listening to the coo of the wood-pigeons, the hum of the bees, and the thrashing out of Mr. Randolph's earliest crops.

"Your affectionate sister,

KATE LINLEY.

"P. S.—What is Alice about? Mrs. Pagley Crawford always had a talent for match-making, remember, which my innocent Ella does not possess."

I put this letter down, and reserved my judgment upon it until I had read Alice's. It was full of *bonhomie*, and appeared most unstud-

ied. But why did Kate think it necessary to impress upon me that she was so utterly out of the way of temptation? I would not answer this question which I had asked myself, and so I turned resolutely to the perusal of Alice's epistle.

"TAWLEIGH RECTORY.

"MY DEAR DORA: I am steeped in a sort of vapor-bath in this Tawleigh valley, round which the wood-clothed hills rise abruptly on every side. The Crawfords make themselves and their pretty mock Elizabethan house very delightful to me—still I am not quite at rest. I long for my sisters—for both of them. You, I know, dear Dora, are always happy and satisfied in your own society by the sea; but how about Kate? It may be folly on my part, and I may be wrong to seek to impregnate your mind with a similar feeling, but I can't help telling you something that has taken hold of my mind. This morning, in glancing carelessly enough over the advertisement-sheet of the *Times*, I saw the following in that silly second column of it: 'Victor—K. is to be found at B. G., Norfolk.' It may mean any thing, but also it may mean that our Kate is informing some one that she may be heard of at Brent Grange! The suspicion has made me miserable. Tell her you want her at Brighton. I shall write by to-day's post and hint to her that I feel we are both neglecting you. Your anxious, affectionate sister,

ALICE LINLEY."

My heart fell as I read the extract from the advertisement-column in which so many bitterly-repent-of assignments are made—fell with a dull pain, and in falling told me that Alice was not filled with a groundless fear. Kate, our youngest, our beauty, our treasure! What plan could she have had in her bright head which she must needs go away from us to carry out? And who was Victor?

She always had some flirtation more or less vehement on hand, but these had never cost me any serious anxiety as yet. There is safety in numbers, and the number of Kate's flirtations was legion. Still this advertisement, taken in conjunction with her great desire to go away into Norfolk by herself this season, made me miserable, restless, suspicious.

For about two hours I sat with my two sisters' letters before me, looking out upon the glittering waves, and striving to come to a conclusion about what it was best for me to do. At the end of the two hours I had determined on a course. I wrote a brief letter to Alice, telling her not to be surprised if she did not hear from me for a week, as I should be very busy; and, when I had dispatched that letter, I packed up a carpet-bag, took the midday train to London, and went down to Rexham, in Norfolk, by the 4.30 train.

Rexham, I had gathered from the frequent mention made of it in Mrs. Randolph's letters to her friend, my sister Kate, was a little town about two or three miles from Brent Grange. I determined on taking up my quarters there for a few days, and thence reconnoitre Kate's position. Fate favored me at the outset. When I got out at Rexham station, at half-past ten that night, and asked for a fly to take me into the town, I was told that every available fly was up in the town already, waiting for a chance-job from the Red Lion when the archery-ball was just in full swing.

This was better fortune than I had expected. Kate had not told me where the archery-ball was to be held, and I had never thought of its being given in any other place than Norwich, or Dereham, or Fakenham, or Lynn. My work was closer to my hand than I had bargained for, I told myself, as I walked up to the Red Lion, with a porter carrying my carpet-bag, and boldly asked for a bed and sitting-room for a week.

There was a great air of bustle in the house. Waiters and chamber-maids were running wild under the influence of the unwonted festivity. At the expiration of ten minutes I contrived to gain speech with a matronly woman in authority, who searched diligently for some discrepancy between my statement and my appearance, while I was making the former.

"I have come down to take some sketches in this neighborhood, and I have been recommended to your hotel," I repeated, impatiently; "can you take me in?"

"Ours is a family hotel," she said, slowly, "and just to-night, as it happens, we are very full; many of the families from a distance sleep here after the ball."

"Is this archery-ball an invitation one?" I asked; and she answered me, "No—at least there were still three or four dozen tickets to dispose of, and just at the last the stewards were less particular."

"Give me a ticket," I said, boldly, tendering her a sovereign as I spoke; and, when she took the money into her hand, I felt that I could do as I liked with the woman.

"I wish you could let me have a bedroom here, that I might dress without delay," I added.

And the woman, after a moment's hesitation, turned, and, asking me to follow her, led the way to a comfortable, roomy bedroom, on the first landing, half-way up the first flight of stairs.

"Shall I send a chamber-maid to help you dress, *miss*?" she said, with a touch of something that might develop into impertinence in her manner, but I had foreseen and provided against this doubt. Even while she was speaking, I had taken off my left-hand glove, and there, on my third finger, gleamed a wedding-ring.

"If any letters come for Mrs. Kingly, take them in," I said, calmly. —"No, I don't require any assistance." And then I was left alone to decide upon my next move.

Unless the Randolphs' arrangements were altered, I was now under the same roof with my sister Kate, and, if she had any intrigue on hand, I was determined to discover it. In order to do this, it was useful that I should alter my appearance—and this with me was not a difficult task.

I had kept my hat and veil pressed down over my brow while I was speaking to the landlady, and I had worn a large shawl which muffled and disguised my figure. I therefore set to work to alter myself, without any fear of detection from that quarter. But whether I could, with the aid of pigments and false hair, deceive Kate, was a different matter. At all events, I would try.

Nature had given me light-brown hair, and brows and eyelashes of the same color. These latter I made black, and then I daringly put on a quantity of red-gold tresses. My complexion was fair and clear. I made it dark and clear by aid of a faint walnut-juice liquid. Then I falsified my figure, and then the consideration that I had no dress stopped my proceedings.

But only for a minute. Necessity is the mother of Invention, is a truism, but the truism came to my mind reassuringly as I stood telling myself that I had gone too far to go back with honor, and that Kate must be saved from herself at any cost. I opened the carpet-bag, and found that I had hastily thrown in, among other things, a black-silk train-skirt and a large black-lace bernouse. With these materials and a needle and thread I worked marvels in a few minutes. The bernouse I arranged as a bodice and tunic. I sent into the town for a pair of gloves, and then, armed with a large, black Spanish fan, I went down into the ballroom to see what I could of my sister.

It was not a very imposing apartment, that assembly-room at the Red Lion. Remembering the scenes of gayety in which I had last seen Kate, I could not help feeling that she must have some very powerful attraction indeed here if she were not infinitely bored and very much out of place. It was a long, low room; at the upper end of it there was a raised gallery for the musicians, and on the opposite side to the entrance-door was the divan for the dowagers. On this divan a rigid row of imperturbable ladies were sitting, and, at no great distance from this divan, I saw Mrs. Randolph standing, the centre of a brilliant group of pretty women and fine-looking men.

One of the men was earnestly entreating her to grant him some favor, which the pretty young matron was laughingly refusing. "You would gain nothing by the move if I did grant your request," were the first words I heard her say, and my heart told me that they bore reference to my sister Kate.

By way of testing the efficacy of my disguise, I sauntered slowly past Mrs. Randolph, and I felt that she and those around her were all looking at me. But there was no recognition in her glance—of that I felt assured—when I turned carelessly and faced her. At the same moment, looking beyond her, I saw Kate coming up, with her hand on the arm of a tall, slight, oval-faced man, with a dark complexion and languishing dark-gray eyes. He was leaning over the lovely blonde he led with a marked air of interest and admiration. He was a stranger to me, and Kate seemed so intimate with him.

Our eyes met in a moment or two, and then I saw him call Kate's attention to me, to my singularly-black brows and lashes and odd-looking golden hair. It was patent to me then that my disguise was good—for she, my idol, my little sister, did not know me.

I have omitted to mention that, as Kate was more richly endowed by Nature than either of her sisters, so was she more richly endowed by fortune. An old maiden aunt of my mother's had left Kate her

sole heiress, possessor of about thirty thousand pounds. This, with the fortune already secured to her by our father, rendered the brilliant young beauty a mark for the needy adventurer—and such, from the bottom of my soul, I began to fear the man by her side, who was wooing her sweetly, was.

My sister did not know me, thus much was evident. I was safe to pursue my investigation. No, I would not call it *that*, even to myself yet, uninterruptedly. Her great turquoise-blue eyes wandered over me without the faintest light of recognition in their depths. I could see my sister without being seen by her.

I followed her like a spy round the room, as she sauntered carelessly along—justified by my great love for her, and my great fear for her. One of the stewards came to me and offered to get me partners—offered in a free and easy debonair style that was infinitely offensive to me. But still circumstances to which I was bound to him for the hour compelled me to "avail myself of his services"—that was his phrase: that was how the young, respectable wine-and-spirit merchant of the town of Rexham worded his offer to make men known to me—to me!

At last the glory of the ball waned. It had been a dreary scene to me all through; but about three o'clock it became palpably more dreary still, by reason of the departure of several of the most magnificent of its attendants. The lord-lieutenant of the county and his wife and daughters withdrew, and several minor stars followed their example. Then tremblingly in the now nearly empty room I drew near to my sister and her escort once more, and as I approached them I heard her say:

"What a lucky thing for both of us that we are unobserved of all these observers to-night! I have behaved most disgracefully in dancing with you so much. Ella is the most good-natured chaperone on the face of the earth, or she would have checked me in my rapid career before now."

"What is the use of her being good-natured unless you are good-natured too?" he said, tenderly; "hope, like the bird in the story, has been flitting from tree to tree to-night, but, if you put the torch out by refusing my last request, I shall regret that you ever lighted it."

"What is your last request?" she said, coquettishly, and she put her right hand up and clasped her left in an innocent and childlike manner over his arm.

He looked round hastily before he answered her, and, seeing only me, the stranger, near, he said in a carelessly-modulated tone:

"Put an end to all your own doubts and hesitations, and all my fears, by going away and marrying me to-morrow."

My blood boiled, but still I would not discover myself. I listened for her answer—and it came.

"Victor, there is no need, believe me, there is no need for this secrecy. I hate to say it, but I am quite independent of my sisters, and they would love you so if you would only know them."

I saw his handsome dark brow lower as she said this in her own impassioned, eager, honest way.

"Your sisters would not see me with your eyes, Kate," he said, quietly. "Miss Linley has the reputation of having a very keen eye to the main chance. She would demand references that I am unable to give, and settlements that I am unable to make; if you take her into your confidence you lose me."

"But why, Victor?—you have friends."

"I have—but (you must trust me, Kate) my friends would not think me so fortunate a man as I should think myself in such a marriage. I have a cousin—a peeress in her own right—and the family have designed us for one another from our cradles."

I called him "liar" as I listened with bated breath. But Kate believed him. He was her hero. If he asserted that he had a cousin who was a queen-regent in her own right, she would have credited his statement.

"Tell me your cousin's name," she said, with a little flush of jealousy rising to her cheek. "I cannot bear to think that you have tried to love her—perhaps nearly succeeded in loving her."

"I will tell you her name when you are my wife, not before," he said; and then, as Mrs. Randolph approached them to claim the charge she was careless of, I heard Kate mutter:

"Brent Wood, to-morrow at twelve, then," and I knew she had given him a rendezvous at which it behooved me to be present.

I was up with the boots the following morning, which is equivalent to saying I rose with the lark. I had a regular good English

country-inn breakfast, in a regular English country-inn parlor. It had been necessary, by daylight, to add a good many touches to my disguise, which had not been found wanting by artificial light. The changes that most completely altered me were, first, two lines or hollows which I carefully painted in on my cheeks, and next a stiff, ungraceful walk, which I had carefully studied from the old-maid sister of the lord-lieutenant the night before. With these, and my hat and veil low down on my brow, I dared the danger of Brent Wood.

From a few discreetly-managed questions, I gathered from the chamber-maid at the Red Lion that Brent Wood was about three and a half miles from Rexham. There was a small pony-carriage kept for the convenience of tourists at the inn, and this I hired, and, putting my sketching-apparatus into it, I drove out of Rexham at eleven o'clock. By noon I had put my pony-trap up at an adjacent road-side inn, and was seated in one of the glades of Brent Wood, sketching.

Presently I heard a light footstep; then, across the vista of the glade at one end of which I was sitting, there gleamed a bright, glittering-blue dress. The wearer came nearer, nearer; and, when she had approached within five yards of me, my sister Kate caught sight of me, and stopped with an angry, baffled look upon her face. At the same moment I saw the form of a man among the trees to the left of where I was placed.

"Do you know—you cannot be aware that you are trespassing here," she said, haughtily, and then I trembled, for I knew that if I spoke my voice would betray me. Accordingly I looked blankly up at her, shaded by my veil—feigned deafness and dumbness, and portrayed impatience. After a few moments she turned from me hesitatingly, and I saw her go to meet her lover, and I felt sure that she was telling him of my unwelcome appearance there.

They had a long, earnest conversation. Then they strolled on out of sight, and I got up and ran crouchingly in among the underwood, till I came near enough to hear their words. What I heard stunned me nearly. He had gained her promise to go off with him that night, and they were arranging the manner of their flight.

"Do cease from these overstrained scruples, dearest," he was saying; "the hour after you are my wife, you shall be free to seek your sisters."

"Why not before?" she urged.

"Nay, Kate, you are unreasonable. We must go to Paris to be married, I tell you; your sisters would hamper and obstruct our movements. Be brave, my own; pledge me your dear word that you will be true to your tryst to-night."

"I will," she muttered; and soon after that they parted—she running home through the wood, and he sauntering on to the road-side inn, where I had left my pony. I followed him, and forced him to look at me, by abruptly appealing to his courtesy to go in and give some order about my carriage for me. When he came back, I had denuded myself of my false golden hair, and at a clear spring in the road I had washed off my false complexion and eyebrows. When he neared me, I had the pleasure of seeing his cowardly blood curdle in his veins; for I was before him in my proper person now, and Kate and I were very much alike.

"There was another lady here just now," he began, interrogatively, in his false, suave voice, "who commissioned me to order her pony-carriage."

"I am that lady," I said, boldly; "there can be nothing surprising to you in sailing under false colors."

"This language, madam—"

"You must compel yourself to hear," I interrupted, "until you have told me in what name you are prepared to marry my sister Kate Linley, who is so true herself, that she does not (as I do) detect a swindler and impostor in your every look and tone."

"Your sister!"

"Yes, my sister, saved from you now, for" (and I got into the pony-carriage as I spoke) "I am going straight to Brent Grange to relieve Mrs. Randolph of her charge, and to recommend my sister to leave you to the tender mercies of your cousin, the peeress in her own right."

I drove off as I said that, leaving him dumfounded. There was an hour of wild recrimination, mortification, and hysterics, at the Grange, and then Kate adopted my view of the case, and consented to be guided by me. I scarcely drew breath until I had my youngest sister safely back with me at my Brighton lodgings. Then I paused, and she had time to tell me where and how he had won her.

This all happened in the autumn. I kept Kate's counsel so well, that Alice knew nothing of my escapade and Kate's hair-breadth escape. One day, about Christmas-time, we were all three together at a German Spa (for Kate had required change of air and scene), and just as we were going to retire to our respective apartments, we were disturbed by a great uproar and confusion. After a good deal of inquiry had been lavished on the subject, the landlady's daughter—a yellow-haired maiden with a tender heart—told us that a gentleman, an Englishman, a Herr Victor Tollemache had just arrived there, and found that a former valet of his, a creature who had robbed him, had been personating him, his former master, at this and numerous other places. So the English gentleman had discovered his former false valet, and had exposed, and flogged, and finally kicked him out.

"And you pity him," I said.

The buxom blonde beauty acknowledged that she did, from her neat muslin-ruffle-bound heart.

"He is in a loft over the stable," she said; "he is beautiful as an angel, and hungry. I shall take him food to-night when *die Mutter* sleeps."

I persuaded her to let me accompany her on her mission of mercy. And there in the beaten, found-out hound, grovelling among the straw, and thankful for the broken meats that were carried to him as to a dog, I saw the man I had saved Kate from, four months before in Norfolk.

She married the genuine Victor Tollemache some six months after, and, being a thorough gentlewoman, with some of the pluckiest blood of England in her veins, before she married him she told him of that former mistake of hers. This was her doing, not mine. As far as I am concerned, no one knows where and how I spent my autumn holiday.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A PRISONER.

FRANK found it very difficult to make out, both at that and a subsequent period, how it was that no dog-cart came for him from the Manor on that Saturday night. To be sure, the circumstance was easily enough explained as a matter of fact, and meant simply this, neither more nor less, that his letter, intimating his intention to spend the Sunday with his mother, and giving instructions when he was to be sent for, reached Mrs. Renton only on Sunday at noon. But what Providence meant by permitting such a thing to happen, was, of course, a totally different matter. The mistake fitted in wonderfully, as mistakes so often do, with the course of events. Richmond might not be so refined as the Manor; but it certainly was, at the present moment, much more amusing. And, though, of course, Frank, like a good son, had been quite willing to give up the Sunday to his mother, yet he was quite aware of the fact beforehand that the Sunday would be dull. Mrs. Renton had lived a semi-invalid life so long that it was rather a pleasure to her, now she was alone, to relapse into full and unmitigated invalidism. She had so many draughts to take, and precautions to bear in mind, that her whole time was filled up, and that not so unpleasantly as might have been supposed. She had her favorite maid, who never permitted her to forget any thing, and, when there was no draught to be taken, was always hovering in the back-ground with cups of tea or arrow-root, to sustain her mistress's strength. Mrs. Renton was very fond of her boys; but still, her own circumstances being of such a character, she was not entirely dependent upon them for her happiness. To be sure, if any one had so much as mentioned happiness to her, she would have wept—poor soul!—and declared positively that no such thing was possible to her, thus left alone in the vacant house, her husband dead, and her sons absent. But, nevertheless, the draughts, and the care she had to take, and the tea, and the arrow-root, occupied her time, and gave that gentle support of routine, which is so invaluable to the majority of people, to her languid life. But it may be supposed that her room was not the most lively place in the world to a young man; and Frank, in the brilliant drawing-room at Richmond, with Mrs. Rich making all sorts of comical speeches, and Nelly quite disposed to flirt, and Alice ready to play, did not feel any sensation of despair when he was in-

formed that no dog-cart had come, and that it was now too late to expect it. "All the better luck for us," said Mr. Rich. "Nothing for making acquaintance like a Sunday in the country. There is your room ready, and we're delighted to have you. By Monday you will know how you like us, and we shall have found out how much we like you."

"We know that already," said Mrs. Rich, who was fond of little innuendoes; "and I am sure I don't know how far it is safe to keep a handsome young guardsman in the house along with two girls. For my part, I don't answer for the consequences. I can't be sure how I shall stand it myself," she added, with a laugh, which was a little vulgar, no doubt, but mellow, and not unpleasant to hear. Nelly looked up at her mother as if she could have pinched her; but, as for Papa Rich, this kind of humor was in his way, and he laughed too.

"I'll risk it," he said, "especially as the guardsman has other fish to fry, my dear, and isn't like to interfere with you. What's the matter, little Nell? You need not knit your little brows at me. I hope I may express myself as I like in my own house, and no offence to any one. Mr. Frank, here, understands what I mean; and I am very glad he is going to stop with us, whatever you may be, you little flirt. And where has Alice Severn gone to? I want to speak to her. Don't you think you could play us some nice, old-fashioned tunes? I don't understand your grand music. That's why I like your mamma's pictures, you know. 'Igh art goes a step beyond me; but give me a pretty woman and a bunch of nice children, and I know what that means. And it is just the same in music. 'Sally in our Alley,' and two or three more—I like them better than your sonatas; but I suppose you think me an ignorant old wretch for that?"

"No, indeed," said Alice; "I will play whatever you please."

"Then, come with me," said the patron of art, giving Alice his fat arm. Alf of the Buffs, who had arrived by the train, and on whose account dinner had been postponed, was the only other member of the party, and he had stretched himself at full length on the sofa, with all the appearance of being asleep. The other people had gone away early, and Frank had Mrs. Rich and Nelly, in the intimacy of the domestic circle, all to himself. Old Rich had taken Alice quite to the other end of the great drawing-room, to the piano, which stood there, and the conversation went on with a distracting accompaniment of tunes and the clapping of hands, with which Alice's audience hailed each air in succession. Frank's attention in particular was sadly distracted—he could neither listen nor stop listening, and yet the talk had taken a turn which, on the whole, was rather interesting. It had turned upon himself.

"How will your mamma bear your going away?" said Mrs. Rich. "Her youngest—I can feel for her. My eldest are married, and out in the world; and I know it's best for themselves, and I don't mind. But Alf and Nelly are my babies, just as you are your mother's, Mr. Frank. What should I do, if any one came to carry my little girl off to the end of the world? And it will be harder still on your poor, dear mamma."

"But I can't help it," said Frank. "You know—I suppose everybody knows—the peculiarity in our circumstances. I can't go on as I am doing. India's the place when a man has no money. I don't see what I should do, if I were to stay at home."

"Well, you might marry an heiress, you know," said Mrs. Rich.

"Mamma," said Alf, from the sofa—not asleep, though he looked like it—"if you have any heiress in your pocket, remember your own flesh and blood first of all; don't toss them on to Renton—he can manage for himself."

"Oh, yes! I don't doubt he can manage beautifully for himself," said Mrs. Rich, nodding her head; "but still he may be the better for a little advice. An heiress is the very thing for you, Mr. Frank. As for Alf, of course—though I say it that shouldn't—he'll be very well off, and a catch for any one—as you would have been, but for that fancy of your poor papa's. Mr. Rich's opinion has always been, that his brain must have been touched. But that is the thing for you, as clear as daylight. Marry a girl with money, and settle down at home, and don't go and break your mother's heart. You take my advice, and tell her it was I who gave it, and she'll order her carriage directly, and come over to Richmond and hug me, though she would not so much as call, you know, only for me."

"Indeed, you do her an injustice," said Frank; "she is a great invalid—she never goes anywhere now."

"Then her carriage goes to the Rectory, which is not half a mile

off; but never mind," said Mrs. Rich. "I am sure I don't mind. Give us a little time, and we'll make our way. Yes, that's what you've got to do. Marry a girl with money. I'm sure you'd make her a good husband all the same."

"I hope, if I were a husband at all, I should be a good one," said Frank, laughing; "but I don't think I should like to marry money. A little could do no harm, of course—just enough to keep her comfortable, and as she had been wont to be." As he said this, Frank, without knowing it, looked direct at Nelly, and, to his consternation, caught her eye, and saw her grow suddenly crimson—an example which, man of the world as he was, he immediately followed. Then, to make things worse, he came to an alarmed, embarrassed pause. "The man who ought to marry money is my brother Laurie," he said, hastily, and then stopped. What had he done? Was it the fifty thousand pounds he was thinking of?—or what was it? This was only the second time he had been in her company, and yet he had committed both himself and Nelly—or, at least, in the consternation of the moment, so he thought.

"It must be pleasant for the heiress to be discussed so calmly," said Nelly, all at once. "Of course, any woman is ready to marry any man who presents himself. That is the conclusion—isn't it? But some girls are of a different way of thinking. Why should Mr. Laurence Renton marry money, I should like to know? I think he is very nice, a great deal nicer than—most men," said Nelly, with emphasis. Her cheek was more crimson than ever, and the defiance was an exquisite compliment which went to Frank's heart. Yes, it was droll, but it did really seem to him that, if he was disposed, he might have that fifty thousand pounds. He could have had his horse, and a great many luxuries besides; and Nelly was very pretty, sitting there, opposite to him, with that blush on her cheek, and soft indignation in her eyes.

"Laurie is the best fellow that ever lived," he cried, recovering himself with an effort; "but he does things for other people with a much better grace than for himself. He has always been like that. Lazy Laurence, everybody calls him. He will never make his own way. I don't know what he has gone to do in Italy. But, all the same, there never was such a good fellow. He is the kind of fellow," said Frank, with a little effusion, "that something out of the way should happen to. He ought to find a beautiful princess in a wood, and fall in love with her, and save her from the giant, and then find out, after all, that she is the daughter of the king of the gold-mines, and has her pockets full of diamonds. That is the fate I should like for Laurie. Somehow, he seems to deserve it, and it never would occur to him to plan any thing for himself."

"Now, I like that," cried Mrs. Rich; "I like you for being so proud of your brother. There are heaps of heiresses, you know, in Italy. At least, so one reads in books. Ladies travelling alone, that a young man could make himself very useful to, and then in common gratitude—why, it is quite like a fairy-tale. And when will your brother go? and what will he do in Italy? Mr. Rich has promised to take us there next winter. I have wanted to go all my life, Mr. Frank. It has been my dream. How strange it would be if we should meet him! But, alas! we have no heiresses," said Mrs. Rich, casting a glance at Nelly, who, for her part, gave her mother a quick, indignant look.

"We shall go like a caravansérai," said Nelly, "with servants, and companions, and all sorts of dead-weights. Papa says he means to take that count with him who is sick, and heaps of people. What I should like to do would be, to go all by myself, and live out of the English quarter, and see all the pictures, and never say a word to anybody. Fancy going to Rome and somebody saying to you, 'Isn't it lovely?' as if it were a scene in a pantomime! I do so hate all that. I hate the books about parties to the Colosseum and rides on the Campagna. I want to go to Rome, and live and work. I wish I were your brother. I wish I could go wherever I pleased, and run about everywhere alone."

"I wish you could go with Laurie," said Frank, and for the moment it was said with absolute simplicity, without a thought of his scheme; "that is precisely what he will do; and he knows every thing—where to go, and what to see." Then he caught the odd inquiring glance Nelly shot at him, and grew confused, he could scarcely tell why. "Of course, that is nonsense," he said, with a laugh. "But it must be the pleasantest of all, when two people, just two, can ramble all about the world alone."

Then there was another pause. What did he mean? He asked himself the question, and could not answer it. Was it that he himself would like to be one of the two, with a bright, little, vivacious, enthusiast-creature, seeing more than any three people he knew, by his side, to make every thing interesting? or was it Laurie who should take that place? Frank was so bewildered that he did not know; and Nelly, sitting opposite to him, was so softened by this curious talk, and looked so much a sweeter version of herself, as with her face crimsoned and her eyes lit up, she sent a glance at him now and then, half stealthy, half candid, that the heart began to beat in the guardsman's bosom. Not that he cared much for Rome, or for rambling about the world in general. The pictures would bore him, he knew. The rides on the Campagna and the parties to the Colosseum would have been the best fun for Frank; and, as for running about among all the old holes and corners as Laurie did, would not India be a thousand times better with promotion, and fighting, and tigers, and general novelty? Clearly Providence had made a mistake altogether about that dog-cart. It was Laurie who should have been stranded at Richmond, and left to concert an Italian tour with Nelly Rich. How perfectly they would have suited each other! But all the time Frank's heart felt soft to the bright, subdued, sparkling creature, who was actually waiting, expecting the next words which he should speak.

"It is very stupid on my part to talk like this," he said, with a little forced laugh. "I shall be crossing the desert most likely when you are on your way, or creeping about Bombay or Calcutta, or some other wretched place. But I must tell Laurie to look out for you, Mrs. Rich. He is sure to be of use," he added, hastily. And then Frank's temples throbbed and grew crimson, and his heart gave a jump. Was it that Nelly sighed, and gave her hand a little, scarcely perceptible shake, like one who has relinquished some pleasant thought? It was intensely flattering, and Frank could not but feel the compliment. What a dear little thing she was! how warm-hearted, and how discriminating in her judgment! Frank felt disposed to kiss her hand, or even her cheeks, out of pure gratitude. But still he was not disposed to give up India and his own way, and wander over the world with her, even had she possessed twice fifty thousand pounds.

And there was still the music going on at the other end of the room, and Mr. Rich clapping his hands at the conclusion of each melody. It was very different, certainly, from the programme up-stairs in the dark in the music-room; but yet there was a charm in the quaint old airs, which Alice went on playing one after another, over and over again, without a sign of weariness. A distant, visionary, unconscious creature, still unawakened to any sense of personal life, except in the strains of her own music—half child, half angel—as calmly indifferent to him and every man, as though they had all been like old Rich. Somehow, this was the image which captivated most the young man's perverse fancy. He turned his chair round and listened, when the talk had come to this point. And Nelly did not wonder. It seemed to be as if all had been said that could be said thus. And Mrs. Rich began to applaud loudly. And then the Saturday came to an end. It was only the second time he had been in this house. That was the extraordinary ludicrous part of it. In such a house men grow quickly intimate. Frank felt as if Beecham had never changed hands, and he had known them all his life.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SUNDAY.

PEOPLE are apt to talk of Sunday in the country as a pleasant thing, and yet there are few things which require a more delicate combination of circumstances to make it bearable. Far be it from me to say a word against the English Sunday, which is good for man and beast, and only a little heavy upon the idle portion of the world, who have no particular occasion for rest. Sunday at home, with one's own occupations and pleasures about one, is precisely what one chooses to make it—an oasis in the desert, a peaceful break upon the frets of life, or a weariness and a nuisance, according to the inclinations of the individual. But your Sunday is taken out of your hands, when you visit your friends. Frank Renton was nothing more than an ordinary young man, neither less nor more devout than the average; and felt the weekly holiday often enough leaning heavy on his hands. But he, like everybody else, floated upon the surface of the

Sunday at Richmond—a waif and stray, without any will of his own, to be made what his entertainers pleased. Nothing can be a severer test of the attractive or non-attractive qualities. Morning church, which is one's duty, and a blessed relief from one's friends; and then lunch, which is a happy interlude of common and ordinary life. And then a dreadful afternoon to be got through somehow: enforced aimless walks, if it is fine; aimless compulsory talk, in any case. If it rains, confusion and despair till dinner comes—a heavenly interval of occupation! After that, if there is any thing at all genial in the nature of your interlocutors, the evening may be got through, with the assistance of sacred music; but, oh, the joy, the relief, the satisfaction, when ten o'clock comes, and one is justified in lighting one's candle and going to bed! Two girls in the house to walk with, and talk to, naturally modified this frightful programme to the young man. They all walked to church in the morning—for Mr. Rich was old-fashioned—and, after luncheon, looked at each other to know what was to be done. There was the flower-garden to visit, and the stables, and Mr. Rich's favorite walk round the grounds. Frank, being a stranger, went through the whole of these varied operations. He visited the flower-garden with Mrs. Rich, and the stables with Alf, and made the round of the little park with the father and son together, and had all the views pointed out to him. "But I forgot, you know all this ground as well as we do," the millionaire said, though not until after he had cheerfully pointed out every thing that was to be seen, and all the points of vision. "Ten thousand times better," Frank groaned to himself; but he was too civil to speak out. It was a lovely day, in the end of April; heaps of primroses were clustering in the woods, and the flower-beds were gay with the first flush of spring; the lilacs and laburnums were beginning to bloom; the orchards were all white, and the air full of perfume. On such a day, as Mr. Rich justly said, it was a pleasure merely to be out-of-doors. But Frank, who had abundant opportunity of being out-of-doors, was indifferent to the pleasure. He had not any thing particular to say to Alf, who was more in his way than the master of the house; and Alf had nothing particular to say. So that Mr. Rich had it all his own way, and did the chief part of the talking, and enjoyed himself. He went through the walks, a little in advance of the two young men, with his hands folded under the tails of his coat. His step was brisk, though theirs was sufficiently languid. "This was a sad desert, when I came here," he would say, turning round, and bringing them to a stop for a moment. "I had cart-loads of rubbish cleared away from this bank—scrubby bushes, all choked and miserable, without air to breathe or space to grow in. I had 'em all cleared away, sir. And, over there, there had been a little landslip, as you see, which I stopped just in time. The whole slope would have fallen with those pretty birches, but for what we had done. You can see how it's all bound and shored up. They told me I never could manage it; that a city man knew nothing about such things. But just look at it now, and tell me if any thing could be more steady. It would defy an avalanche, that bank would," and Mr. Rich stopped and patted the sunny slope with his fat hands.

"It seems beautifully done," said Frank, and Alf gave a little grunt, as who should say, "The old fellow knows what he is about."

"I flatter myself you won't see better work anywhere," said the millionaire. "We city men know a thing or two, Mr. Frank. We may not be so fine as you soldiers, but we have an eye for practical matters. I was not much to brag of in the way of prosperity, when I first came to this neighborhood. We took a little house down here, my wife and I, for change in the summer; and I sat my eye on this place. I said to myself, 'If I thrive, I'll settle there, if money will buy it.' And there's nothing money will not buy. Here I am, you see, and my children after me. What would the Beauchamps have thought if they had known that the very name of their place was to be changed, and it was to be called after the Riches, people nobody ever heard of; but a great many people have heard of me now."

"Immense numbers, I am sure, sir," said Frank, throwing away his cigar. He had the natural civility of his family, and could not turn an absolutely deaf ear, sick as he was of the monologue he was listening to. Even Alf took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked at it curiously, as if it, perhaps, could clear up the situation. "All the same; I don't see that we are any thing remarkable," said Alf; which was almost as great a puzzle to his father as a similar accident was to Balaam.

"Oh dear no, not at all remarkable," said Mr. Rich, after he had wildly stared at his son; and he gave a glance at Frank, and a little nod, to signify his appreciation of his boy. "I don't suppose you soldiers have much need for brains," he added, with benevolent jocularly. "But to return to the subject. I don't know if you have observed how much I have done to the house, Mr. Frank. That music-room Nelly is so fond of was the merest wreck and ruin. Lumber in it—actually lumber!—old pictures, turned against the wall, that were not worth sixpence, and trunks full of old papers, and every thing that is most dreary. I had Runnymede, the architect, down, who knows all about that style of thing. I said, 'Name your own price, and take your time, and come and dine with me whenever you are in the country.' These were all the conditions I made, and in six months, sir, I had every thing restored; and as pretty a little domestic chapel—the best judges tell me—as exists in England. All money, sir—money and a little taste. You may think I have too high an opinion of what money can do; but I don't think one can have too high an idea. It can do any thing. It's the greatest power known. You may have the best intentions in the world, but you can't carry them out without money. You can't serve your friends without money; for influence means money, you know, however incorruptible we are nowadays. When I stand and look round me, and see all the changes that have been made, I feel that nothing but money could have done it. We did not have all this by birth, as the Beauchamps had. You should see my cattle at the farm. The Beauchamps never could afford to keep up that home farm. I feel sorry for them; but it was clearly the best thing they could do, to go away. They were keeping the sunshine off the land, and preventing it from thriving. You must have money, Mr. Renton, before you can do any thing. It would be a great deal better for you young men, if you recognized that at the first start."

"I don't see what good it would do us," said Frank. "We can't invest money. Of course I know it would be of great importance to have it—but wishing is not having;" and with that he turned his eye toward the music-room, the windows of which were open. He was wishing to be there, there could be no doubt; but I don't think there was any calculation in his head, or at that moment the smallest recollection of the fifty thousand pounds.

"That is true," said Mr. Rich; "but when it comes in your way you should know better than to put it aside, as I have known some foolish young fellows do. There is your brother, for instance. Knowing who he was, and being neighbors, and so forth, why, I'd have bought any thing of his own as fast as look at it—any thing! As for merit, I should never have asked if it was good or bad. But, no! Instead of taking me to his own studio, where he must have had something to show—must have had, don't you see, or what is the good of a studio at all?—he took me to Suffolk's, and I bought that picture instead. That is what I call running in the face of Providence. Serve your friends next to yourself, if you like—I don't object to that; but to serve them before yourself is going counter to every right feeling. Friendship is all very well, but you can command even friendship if you have money enough. You prefer to think of generosity, and disinterestedness, and all that sort of thing, you young fellows; but the only man that can really be disinterested is a rich man. Therefore be rich as you can—that has been my motto all my life."

Frank laughed, though he did not much like the lecture. "That is all very well," he said; "but how are we to grow rich, except on the turf, or at cards, or something? and you are just as likely, for that matter, to grow poorer than richer. They are having some music up there," he said, turning decidedly in the direction of the music-room. Mr. Rich shook his head:

"You won't make much by music," he said—"at least, you amateurs don't. If I were Mrs. Severn, I'd train that girl for the stage, or something. Why not? She must work for her living, poor thing! And do you take my advice, Mr. Frank—don't waste your chances, or refuse a good thing when you may have it. Friends are all very well, but serve yourself first. You know the proverb—'He who will not when he may, when he would he shall have nay.'"

"If I should ever have any good things in my power I will recollect," said Frank, laughing. But he was disturbed by this strange persistency. They had come at last, he thanked Heaven, to the end of the walk; and it was on Mr. Rich's lips to propose another round. "I think I'll go up-stairs and see what the young ladies are doing,"

said Frank, hastily. Then Alf muttered a haw-haw under his mustache, and his father chorussed loudly—a liberty which the subject of this mirth somewhat resented.

"Ay, do," said Mr. Rich; "more natural than listening to an old foggy chattering, isn't it? Go to the young ladies—I don't doubt you'll be very welcome; but, nevertheless, Mr. Frank, don't forget that I have been giving you good advice—and very good advice, too, you'll find it.—Come along, Alf."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEART AND ARM.

IMITATED FROM AN OLD PROVENÇAL BALLAD.

FORTH to the war the young troubadour hasted,
Proud that his name in the list was enrolled;
Never a sigh on his mistress he wasted,
Singing adieu, as this burden he tolled:
"Ah, lady fair! my heart is true,
But my arm is ever my country's due;
And the troubadour's duty, O peerless dame,
Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!"

Helm on his brow, in his hand his guitar,
Listless in camp the young troubadour strolled;
Pensive, he mourned for his mistress afar,
Though as he went the same burden he tolled:
"Ah, lady fair! my heart is true,
But my arm is ever my country's due;
And the troubadour's duty, O peerless dame,
Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!"

But, when the battle was fierce at its height,
Boldly the troubadour struck with the bold;
While, at each blow, o'er the din of the fight
Rang out his voice, and this burden he tolled:
"Ah, lady fair! my heart is true,
But my arm is ever my country's due;
And the troubadour's duty, O peerless dame,
Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!"

So to the end! It was fated that Death
Soon in his clutch should the troubadour hold;
Pierced by a lance, as he lay, his last breath
Faintly he gasped, and this burden he tolled:
"Ah, lady fair! my heart is true—
But my arm is ever my country's due;
And the troubadour's duty, O peerless dame,
Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!"

VAGARIES OF THE PRESS.

A SHORT time ago, somebody announced in a Brooklyn paper that he "wanted part of a house for a small family of adults containing the modern improvements within walking distance of Fulton Ferry." Another desired "board for a lady in a family of refinement or well-toned boarding-house; terms those of a gentleman of equal accommodations."

At 618 Broadway there was once exhibited a wax figure, which was thus described in the papers:

"The Dying Zouave the most wonderful mechanical representation ever seen of the last breath of life being shot in the breast and life's blood leaving the wound. Open from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M."

Not long after the breaking out of the furious war between the Steinway and Chickering people, there appeared in the well-crowded advertising-columns of a New-York journal, under "Music! Instruction," the following:

"TO PIANO-FORTE MAKERS.—A lady keeping a first-class school requiring a good piano, is desirous of receiving a daughter of the above in exchange for the same."

Nothing is more common than to read in the morning journal enterprising shoemakers are sadly in need of "men on calf legs;" bakers yearning for "boys on pound-cake;" grocers willing to pay well for the services of "a young man to take care of a small store of quiet and domestic habits that lives with his parents who can come well recommended." But it is not often one meets with an announcement like this:

"HOUSEKEEPER.—A highly respectable middle aged Person who has been filling the above Situation with a gentleman for upwards of eleven years and who is now deceased is anxious to meet a similar one. Can be well recommended for kind disposition, economical habits, and household experience. Address E. B." etc.

When a highly-respectable person, "who is now deceased," after having spent eleven years with a gentleman, desires "to meet a similar one," she should not be asked for recommendations.

At a tithe-dinner in Devonshire, some time during the year 1867, the following note was sent by the local reporter of a country paper to one of the guests:

"Mr. T— presents his compliments to Mr. H—, and I have got a hat that is not his, and, if he have a hat that is not yours, no doubt, they are the expectant ones."

In November, last year, just a few hours after the terrible accident at the Fulton Ferry, a paper published a card from the secretary of a religious society, who, after announcing that a meeting of the organization would be held on the following day, startled its readers by declaring, "If you desire to get your souls saved, now is the time. Earthquakes, ferry-accidents, etc., etc., abound."

The changing of a word, a very frequent accident in the composing-room, is the source of much mortification to the sensitive writer. In an account of the Liederkrantz ball at the Academy of Music, the reporter meant to say that Prince Carnival bore no "bar sinister" on his shield. The careless printer read "amaasher" for "sinister." In the same journal, Leutze's painting, "Westward, Ho!" in the Capitol at Washington, was called a "naval" painting, whereas the correspondent who wrote about it styled it a "mural" painting. Mrs. Stanton complained bitterly, last year, that her speeches were always badly reported in the Buffalo papers. Said she: "In an address delivered not long ago, wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having called them 'white mules.'" A Western paper, a few months back, announced, without any show of feeling, that Mr. Glenn, an estimable actor, was starving in Canada. Mr. Glenn's friends were horrified, until they learned, through a journal somewhat more carefully printed, that Mr. Glenn was only "starving."

These are very trifling blunders; but they are exceedingly mortifying to the chief victims, and are of such frequent occurrence as to attract but little attention, except when the sentence conveys a ludicrous idea, such as takes one by storm on reading the Western school-marm's advertisement, in which she refers proudly to her female assistant, and "the reputation for teaching she bears;" or that other, also from a Western State, in which the Normal School is spoken of as "a commodious building capable of accommodating three hundred students four stories high."

A criticism upon Shakespeare's "Othello" was once published, in which the writer described fully the death of Desdemona. He concluded thus: "The Moor, seizing a bolster boiling over with rage and jealousy, smothers her." Now, in this, no blame could attach to the printer; but in the following, which appeared in a proof, a few years ago, the errors were chargeable only to the man of types:

"The typographical engines were busily engaged in throwing up earthquakes."

The writer intended to say, and, no doubt, did say, in his manuscript, that the topographical engineers were throwing up earthquakes.

A New York paper, some time ago, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* T. B. Aldrich's poem, entitled "Castles," in which occurs this couplet:

"Well, well, I think not on these two,
But the old wound breaks out anew."

In the reprint, the second line was made to read:

"But the old woman breaks out anew"—

an emendation rendered rather funny by the context.

Of the inflated and exaggerated style, which is the besetting sin of reporters, the following paragraph, in a letter from West Point, on the occasion of one of General Grant's visits, is a bright example:

"The cadets stare in solemn awe at him, most fortunate of generals, as he silently moves and strolls about the grounds, and they present arms in a highly-respectful manner, whenever he comes within a stone's-throw of their vicinity. There was a dress-parade this evening, and, with the fine band bursting forth in strains that rent the blue dark hills, the scene was really beautiful to behold."

That powerful band of music at West Point will be the death of somebody, one of these days. This rending of blue dark hills, in the corn-busking season, is likely to be expensive to the farmers in its vicinity, and ought to be forbidden. The scene may be really beautiful with the fine band bursting, etc., but it isn't right to get up these expensive sights, even for the delectation of General Grant.

Another brilliant production, which appeared last year, was the letter of an imaginative fashion-correspondent, who described a toilet of the Empress Eugénie in the following words:

"She wore a grave, reflecting robe, on which hues of steel-gray met rays of studious brown, the ensemble being burnished armor. This very appropriate suit, uniting sober contemplation with invincible ideas, was trimmed down in front with black lace bows, from the throat to the ground."

It is not often that an ordinary newspaper-writer is willing to cultivate the art of calling a spade a spade. With him a place is a "locality;" he does not allow you to go anywhere—you must "proceed;" when you eat, he says you "partake;" you do not show your feeling, you "evinced" it; you do not lose anything, you only "sustain a loss;" and when you shoot a pheasant, "the spangled exotie of the woods comes crashing down like the broken end of a rainbow, or a piece of damaged jewelry." He is apt to waste time in hunting for long "society" words, allowing his sentences to express just such ideas as the labor and ingenuity of the reader may extricate from the labyrinth of words. He calls a woman a "female;" a man, an "individual"—and, as Dean Alford says, sometimes applies the term "party" to either, as in the case of a venerable dignitary once spoken of as "an old party in a shovel." He learns a few French words, and rarely loses an opportunity to foist them upon his readers. His audiences at the concert are of the *élite*, which, nine times out of ten, he pronounces *elight*; the dinners, of which he "partakes," are *recherché*; the guests are all of the *haut ton* or the *bon ton*, or the *crème de la crème*; Miss X— has a figure inclining to *embonpoint*, but, having good taste, is robed *à la Princesse*, and is *coiffée à ravir*, because her hair-dresser is an *artiste*, who never makes a *faux pas*, but is always *au fait* in the mysteries of his or her art. Miss S—, whose *nez retroussé* adds a certain *piquancy* (on one occasion a compositor made this read *pugnancy*) to her *mobile* face, is dressed on *grande toilette*, and regales her *vis-à-vis* with a running fire of *persiflage*. From Delmonico's bill of fare he culls a small vocabulary of gastronomical terms, and these, when occasion serves, he uses with a lavishness truly astonishing; and what with these, and the well-worn quotations which he finds in the appendix of Webster's unabridged, his armament is complete. He will write of "funeral obsequies;" will tell you that in New York "no boy is permitted to seize a dog, unless he has reached the age of eighteen;" that "the suicide of Mrs. Gatewood is not to be permitted to die out for some time;" that "Colonel D— left two daughters, one of whom married Judge E—, to mourn his loss;" that "the monument was erected to the memory of Captain F—, who was killed at Antietam, as a mark of esteem, by his surviving relatives;" that "fortunately Mr. Hasbrouck's fall was broken by striking on a board, which gave way, and escaped with a sprained ankle;" that "Mrs. R— is very partial to a chignon of curls, and rarely wears any thing else, except on horseback;" that "the authorities of Paterson are digging up a corpse which has been buried two years in consequence of a contested will-case;" that the Indians "are only waiting for the grass to commence hostilities;" that "a member of Dr. T—'s church died suddenly yesterday, while he was preaching, in a state of intoxication;" but his ambiguities do not harm, and, when taken to task, as he sometimes is, he consoles himself with the thought that he still has on hand a store of quotations, "the parole of literary men all over the world," and that he will make somebody envious when he displays them in his next report of the Arion ball, or the burning of a warehouse, or the murder of an Eighth Ward thief.

BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has for nearly twenty years successfully maintained his position at the head of the Government of France, and kept within bounds, among the people over whom he rules, that turbulent, reckless spirit of insubordination which learned the lesson of its dangerous strength in the grand catastrophe of the French Revolution. We have just been reminded, however, that, although repressed, this rebellious humor has not been eradicated. Barricades in the heart of the metropolis are possible in 1870 as well as in the days of Louis XVI., of Charles X., and Louis Philippe; and forty thousand workmen have marched in procession, with cries of "Vive la république!" "Down with the empire!" through the streets which were once thronged by the frenzied viragoes who escorted the unfortunate Louis to his prison in the Tuileries.

The Paris of to-day, however, is not the Paris of 1792, of 1830, or even of 1848. Then the narrow streets and paved roadways afforded both convenient opportunity and material for barricades, and weapons ready to the hands of their defenders, while the possession by the insurgents of the Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, seemed to secure to them the control of both city and government. Now, the broad avenues and boulevards, the smooth macadam and asphalt, are as subversive of the hopes of successful insurrection as they are advantageous to the operations of the military and police. The extent of the alterations and improvements which have been carried out by the emperor, and the bearing which they have been made to have toward the discouragement and effectual suppression of any uprising of the populace, are matters of common report, and familiar probably to all. Possibly, however, some of the details of the "military occupation" of the city, may not be so generally known.

The measures which have been taken to protect the metropolis against insurrection are very complete and effective. The Hôtel de Ville has been restored and fortified. In the rear, it is flanked by the Napoleon Barracks, which are garrisoned by two thousand two hundred men, and command the entire extent of the Rue de Rivoli, while on the right it is supported by the huge Prince-Eugène Barracks, in the Place du Château d'Eau, held by three thousand two hundred men. To the left, on the island of the "Cité," are the Municipal Barracks, with two thousand eight hundred men, and directly in front the Barracks of the Louvre, with eighteen hundred men. The last-named barracks are situated in the Louvre itself, between the Bibliothèque and the Musée, and thus the Louvre and the Tuileries can at any moment be converted into a citadel, and a whole army deployed by battalions in its huge courts.

In the middle of the Seine lies the "Cité" island, the cradle, as it were, of Paris, and the key-stone between the Hôtel de Ville and the Palais de Justice. Here are the famous Notre-Dame, the Hôtel de Dieu, and the Palace of the Archbishop. Here is, also, the strategical centre of the whole intricate system of the fortifications of Paris. The gigantic Caserne Municipale, with its four massive towers at the four angles—the modern Bastille—if occasion demand, commands all the approaches to the island, and holds in check the Quartier Latin on the left, and, on the right, the banks of the Seine as far as the Louvre. Here, at the last extremity, the imperial household, with all its treasures, will find a place of refuge, giving up the Tuileries and Louvre to military purposes. On the left, the communication is maintained between this central point and the Hôtel des Invalides and École Militaire. On the right, still other new barracks extend to Mont Valérien, the third railway-station from Paris, which commands the whole city, and forms the key to the entire system of fortifications. The fortress here cost Louis Philippe five million francs, and has room for fifteen hundred men. When we remember, in addition to this chain of defences, the immense free lines of the boulevards, and the straight, broad streets which can be swept by artillery from end to end, while their macadamized pavements offer no facilities for the construction of barricades, we can comprehend how effectively the emperor has provided for successful resistance to any uprising of the populace.

But even this is not all. In order fully to realize the magnitude and thoroughness of these preparations, we must descend beneath the streets themselves.

We are not surprised to find that all these barracks—thirty in number—these detached forts—of which there are sixteen—and the

defences at Mont Valérien, are connected by a subterranean telegraph. Besides this, however, there is a tunnel leading from the Caserne Municipale in the cité, beneath the bed of the Seine, to the Caserne Napoléon, which flanks the Hôtel de Ville—a tunnel so large that troops can march through it six men abreast. From the Caserne Napoléon still another broad, subterranean passage leads beneath the Rue de Rivoli to the court of the Louvre itself and the barracks there. These passages are but part of a net-work of underground communications as extensive as Paris itself, and corresponding street by street with the divisions of the city above-ground.

The stranger, sauntering along the boulevards, may have often noticed great iron plates, let into the macadamized pavements, at regular and short distances from each other. Even while he stopped to wonder what was their meaning and use, perhaps one of them would be raised by a man dressed in uniform such as is often worn by members of fire-companies. In the opening disclosed below, the man would disappear, carefully shutting behind him the iron cover. If the observer were quick enough, he would have discovered that the descent had been made by means of an iron ladder in the chimney-like shaft beneath the opening. Turning to some passing citizen for information, he would receive it in the words, "les égouts"—the sewers—putting him in mind of the descriptions in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The new sewers of Paris, however, are very different from the old ones, of the loathsome horrors of which such a vivid picture is given by the novelist, though these old sewers still exist, and in immediate connection with the new, which form a labyrinth—sixty leagues in entire length—beneath the pavements of the city above. Four times a year, at stated periods, access may be had to these subterranean passages by those fortunate enough to obtain the necessary permits, which are, however, granted to but few.

With one of these lucky few, let us descend and make the tour of Paris underground.

Through a door, at which two men in high boots and military caps demand our passes before opening to us, we enter a hall of considerable size. The door is closed again behind us. Down a narrow flight of some eighteen or twenty steps, we descend by the gaslight, and find ourselves at once in an apparently endless gallery—lofty, but hardly more than eight or ten feet in breadth. As our eyes become accustomed to the gleam of the lanterns and the uncertain twilight which pervades the passage, we see that its walls are formed of blocks of reddish freestone. We are in the sewers. Through the middle runs a narrow canal—not more than two feet wide—in which flows a sluggish stream, muddy, but scentless and fluid, for the ventilation is wonderfully perfect, and the contents of the drain are kept by machinery in constant motion. On each side of this narrow, deep canal, is a sideway of stone flagging, four feet broad at the widest parts, and on this is an iron railroad of two rails. Overhead, at distances of every twenty feet, the daylight penetrates dimly through round shafts called *égards*. Four men in uniform stand ready to receive us. Before them is a small car, capable of holding two persons, with a lantern in its front, which sheds a bright light for a short distance on the rails ahead. The four men rest their hands on handles attached to the back of the car. In silence we mount the latter; immediately our attendants push from behind, and, at a quick trot, drive us forward over the rails. So rapid is our passage, we hardly see that each of the *égards* closes as soon as we have passed beneath it. Every minute we are under immediate supervision and control. Gradually the eye becomes used to the peculiar dim light, and now, for the first time, we see that, into the main passage through which we are flying along, open hundreds of side-galleries, in all of which are similar railways, while at the corners, on blue, lackered shields, are painted, in white letters, the names of the corresponding streets of the city above us. At a distance overhead, we hear the dull sound of rolling wheels in the streets; next moment drowned, however, by the monotonous roar, often rising to thunder, in this vast world of sewers, where on every side invisible cascades are pouring down, and the machinery, which keeps the dull currents in motion, is groaning and clanking. Every little while we glide swiftly past a group of industrious *vidangeurs*, who for a moment cease their labors and lean back in silence against the wall to let us pass. Along the wall, on the opposite side, runs a cast-iron pipe, more than a metre in diameter. This is the new water-main. Were it to burst at some weak spot, we should be likely to find a watery grave in this gloomy vault. On and on we roll rapidly along, from gallery to gallery, from street to street, sweeping in a curve round the corners, and warned of

the approach of other cars like our own, by the shrill tones of a horn. Every minute the air grows more icily cold; then more and more moist and damp. The four men behind urge us on at a run, never seeming to tire; they do not pause even when their feet splash ankle-deep in water, and the air becomes clammy and noxious, while the walls glisten with streaming moisture and mould. We have reached the beginning of the old sewers. But the noisome horrors of these reeking abysses we will leave to abler pens than ours to paint. Back again we go to the region of the more modern *égouts*. Now we roll through a moist, warm cloud of mist; we are passing beneath a favorite vapor-bath. Then a mild, pleasant odor, as if of scented soap, fills our nostrils. Overhead a great manufactory of perfumeries is in operation. Not a sign of rats do we meet anywhere. Half of Paris underground is traversed in this way. At last a fresh network of galleries, straight and winding, and crossing each other in every direction, is reached. We leave the car, and a few steps bring us into a lofty, spacious cupola, on the edge of a broad canal. This is the main subterranean river, or, in the grandiloquent phrase of the metropolis, "*Le fleuve définitif qui rallie tous ces courants, la suprême synthèse de toute la vie Parisienne—le grand Collecteur!*" Here a boat, with square ends and massive frame, receives us, in which we make the passage of the Styx of these infernal regions, and arrive at our journey's end.

One peculiar feature of these subterranean canals, however, and the one especially on account of which we have asked our readers to accompany us in our sub-Parisian explorations, we have not yet mentioned. From time to time, as our car hurried along over its track, the narrow gallery which we were traversing would widen suddenly, and open out into a spacious, vaulted room, not so long, indeed, as the "grand Collecteur," but of even greater width. These are the underground military stations, each corresponding with one of the principal points of defence in the city above, which, in case of need, are to afford the means of secretly concentrating in masses the troops of the empire, to suppress or resist, in any particular locality, an outbreak of popular violence or the attack of hostile forces. Certainly no precautions have been omitted which may serve to secure to the government the possession of its capital. The defences are complete, and almost impregnable to every thing save treachery. Strong fortifications are very satisfactory to the general within their walls, but, once without the gates himself, and his strongholds in the hands of the enemy, he finds out, to his own cost, the strength of his former bulwarks. As long as the emperor can rely upon the army to hold his lines of defence, he has little present cause to fear the efforts of agitators and malcontents. An army alone, however, is but an unsatisfactory safeguard for the permanent security of a throne, and that Louis Napoleon himself is convinced of this fact is indicated by the late change in his policy of government, while the wisdom of that change and the soundness of his present policy seem to be amply vindicated by the result of the recent disturbances in Paris.

BIBLIOMANIA.

DURING the first week of August, a clergyman's library was sold in London, which contained many rare and singularly scarce books: "Legenda Aurea, that is to say in English, the Golden Legend, Westmestre, by Me Wyllyam Caxton," 1483, sold for \$735; "Hymen's Triumph: a pastorall tragi-comedie," 1615, a small 16mo volume, brought \$95; Angell Daye, "Daphnis and Chloe," 1587, \$300; Anne Dowricke, "French Historie: that is, a lamentable discourse of three of the chiefe and most bloody broiles that have happened in France for the Gospell of Jesus Christ," 1589, \$117; M. D. Rayton, "Heavenly Harmonie of Spirituall Songes, and Holy Himnes of Godly Men, Patriarkes, and Prophets," 1610, \$200; "Teares on the Death of Meliades," 1613, \$127; R. Greene, "The Second Part of Conny-Catching," etc., small quarto, 1591, \$120; R. Greene, "A Notable Discovery of Cozenage," etc., 1592, \$112; R. Greene, "Arbusto, the Anatomie of Fortune," etc., 1594, \$110; R. Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit," 1596, \$130; R. Greene, "A Paire of Turtle Doves: or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio," etc., 1606, \$120. "Guy de Warwick, Chevalier Dagletterre, qui en son temps fit plusieurs prouesses et conquestes en Allemagne, Italie, et Dennemarcke: et aussi sur les infidelles enemys de la Chrestiente," 1525, sold for the large

sum of \$1,410. At another sale, which also took place in London recently, an imperfect copy of the first edition of Shakespeare, the folio of 1623, wanting two leaves, and with a slight defect in another leaf, brought \$1,690.

These extraordinary prices, given in some instances for publications of no intrinsic value, are quite equal to that given in the early part of the fifteenth century by a Countess of Anjou, who paid for a single book two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. If we go back two centuries earlier, before the discovery of printing, we find that the loan of a book was considered to be an affair of such importance, that the Bishop of Winchester, in borrowing a Bible from a convent in that city, was obliged to give a bond for its restoration, drawn up in the most solemn manner; and Louis XI. of France, as late as the year 1471, was compelled to deposit a large quantity of plate, and to get some of his nobles to join with him in a bond, under a heavy penalty to restore it, before he could procure the loan of a book which he wished to borrow from the faculty of medicine at Paris.

At the late sale of a library at Haarlem, in Holland, formed in the last century by a family of printers named Euschedé, who exercised their vocation for four generations, there were sold two hundred and forty-eight books, printed before the year 1500, and among the number many exceedingly rare works, illustrating the origin and early history of printing. The gem of the collection was a copy of the famous "*Speculum Humane Salvationis*," a block-book of engravings on wood, the text appended to which is supposed to have been printed with movable metal types, affording possibly the earliest example of their employment. It was purchased by a London bookseller for \$3,500 dollars. Many orders were sent from the United States, but few were successful. A well-known collector of New York instructed his agent to offer \$3,000 for the work above mentioned.

A copy of the first edition of Shakespeare was sold at the Smith sale in London, last year, to J. O. Halliwell, for \$2,100, and was destined to grace the Shakespearian Museum and Library founded at Stratford-on-Avon by a few admirers of the poet. At the same time, an illustrated copy of Dibdin's "*Bibliographical Tour in France and Germany*" brought \$500, and a copy of Cocker's "*Arithmetic*," originally published at fifty cents, sold for \$94. "Seventy-nine Black-Letter Ballads," being the original broadsides, bound in one volume, was disposed of, at the celebrated auction-sale of George Daniel's library, a few years since, for \$3,750. The ballads range in date from 1559 to 1597, and many of them are referred to by the dramatists and writers of the Elizabethan period.

The most remarkable sales, in the extravagance of the prices reached, which have occurred in this country, were of the libraries of John Allan and William E. Burton, of New York, and William J. Fowle, of Boston. In the collection of the last-mentioned gentleman was a set of the Percy-Society publications, in twenty volumes, which sold for \$300; Joseph Ritson's works, \$320; Robertson's works, in eight volumes, \$240; Halliwell's Shakespeare, in thirteen folio volumes, \$1,072; Sotheby's "*Principia Typographia*," \$105; Walter and Cotton's "*Complete Angler*," in two volumes, Pickering's edition, \$180; "Records of Salem Witchcraft," \$105; and Brant's "*Ship of Fools*," \$150. The whole collection realized upward of \$20,000.

Early English Bibles and the quarto editions of the separate plays of Shakespeare, as well as the folio of 1623, are always in demand among bibliomaniacs. What prices they give! A copy of the Mazarine Bible was sold at the sale of the Bishop of Cashel, in 1858, for \$2,980, and another copy, with two leaves supplied in manuscript, brought at another sale \$2,020. A Coverdale Bible, belonging to Lea Wilson, with two missing leaves supplied in fac-simile, was sold July 7, 1854, for \$1,825. A German Bible, which belonged to Martin Luther, was bought by an agent of the British Museum for \$1,340; and in May, 1868, a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, which only two persons living can read, was sold in New York for \$1,130—from which it would seem that books increase in price in proportion as they lack readers.

In 1856 there was offered, in London, "*The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*," 1603. Though it wanted the title-page, Mr. Halliwell was willing to give \$600 for it—a small quarto pamphlet, of about half a hundred pages! Only one other copy of this interesting brochure is known, and that, lacking the last leaf, belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. We copy the concluding lines of the tragedy, showing how immensely the great master improved upon

himself as he proceeded in rewriting his plays, and bringing them to their final form:

Prince of Denmark.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.

Enter Fortinbras with his train.

Fort.—Where is this bloody sight?

Hor.—If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then look upon this tragick Spectacle.

Fort.—O, Imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft boundly shot to death!

Ambass.—Our ambassie that we have brought from England.

Where be these Princes that should hear us speake?

O, most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country!

Hor.—Content yourselves. He shews to all the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy.

Let there a scaffold be reardie up in the market-place,

And let the state of all the World be there,

Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,

That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort.—I have some rights of memory to this Kingdome,

Which now to claim my leisure doth inuite me.

Let foure of our chiefest Capitaines

Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue;

For he was likely, had he liued,

To a prou'd most royall;

Take vp the bodie; such a sight as this

Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Other separate plays of Shakespeare's have commanded even higher prices than the "Hamlet" purchased by Halliwell. A sale, at which Shakespeare collectors went altogether mad, was that of George Daniel's of Islington in 1864. The first edition of "King Richard the Second," 1597, sold for \$1,690; that of "King Richard the Third," printed the same year, \$1,742; "The Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called Love's Labour's Lost," 1598, \$1,716; "Much Ado about Nothing," 1600, \$1,329; "The Midsummer Night's Dreame," 1600, \$1,474; "The Most Pleasant and Excellent Conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wives of Windsor," 1602, \$1,716; and the "Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice," 1609, \$806. Of Shakespeare's other works, "The Rape of Lucrece," 1594, brought \$780. "Venus and Adonis," second edition, 1594, \$1,248; and a copy of the edition of 1609 sold for the still higher price of \$1,560. The first folio edition of the works of Shakespeare, 1623, of which there are several good copies in this country, both in public and private libraries, varies in price according to the condition of the volume. At a sale, a few years ago in London, a copy was sold to go to New York for \$819. Daniel's, pronounced the finest, fullest, and most complete in existence, was bought for Miss Burdett Coutts for the prodigious price of \$3,546. Even this extraordinary sum was exceeded by an agent of the British Museum, who gave for a volume of French Prayers, perfectly unique, sold in Paris last year, \$4,000.

Specimens of the publications of William Caxton, the first English printer, are eagerly sought for by bookworms—frequenters of book-stalls like Charles Lamb—and what true lover of books is not fond of that sport which the French describe in a single word, *bouquiner*? Of the ninety-four works Caxton is known to have printed, six exist only in fragments, twenty-seven more in single copies; and there are only twelve, of which more than ten copies are extant. Sixteen copies of the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," the first book printed in English, are in existence, one of which, once the property of Elizabeth Grey, queen of Edward IV., was bought by the Duke of Devonshire, at the famous Roxburgh sale, for \$5,302.50. Caxton's "Mirror of the World," at the same time was purchased by Lord Spencer for \$1,759. Of other works, issued from his press, "The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, and emprynted by me symple person, William Caxton," sold, in 1858, for \$1,375; and his "Boke of the Tayt of Armes of Chivalrye," and his "Gower's Confessio Amantis," each brought \$1,680.

The highest price ever paid for a printed book was \$11,250, bid for the copy of Boccaccio's "Decameron," sold at the famous sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's library, in 1812, which occupied forty-five days, and which, costing its tender less than \$25,000, actually realized, on the occasion referred to, the enormous sum of \$117,705. The 17th of June, 1812, is the *dies creta notandus* in the annals of bibliomania. The coveted volume was the first folio edition of Boccaccio, printed by Valdarfar, and then believed to be the only copy extant, although two other copies are known now—one in the Ambrosian library at Milan, the other in the Imperial Library, Paris. Dibdin has a most graphic account of it in his "Bibliographical Decameron." He says: "The rain fell in torrents, as we alighted from the carriage; the room was

crowded to excess; and a sudden darkness, which came across, gave rather an additional interest to the scene. Mr. Evans prefaced the putting-up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the excessive regret, and even 'anguish of heart,' expressed by M. Van Praet, that such a treasure was not at that time to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer. A little lower down, and standing at right angles with his lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford. My Lord Althorp stood a little backward, to the right of his father, Earl Spencer. Such was the ground taken up by the adverse hosts. The honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman from Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas!' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the bidding rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood boldly up to each other. 'A thousand guineas!' were bid by Earl Spencer, to which the marquis added 'ten.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing wellnigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard, except that which each of these champions brandished. 'Two thousand pounds are offered by the marquis!' Then it was that Earl Spencer, like a prudent general, began to think of a useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition, seeing that his adversary was as fresh and resolute as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused, when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart, and the biddings are resumed. 'Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds!' said Lord Spencer. The spectators are now absolutely electrified. The marquis quietly adds his usual 'ten,' and there is an end of the contest. As the hammer fell, its echo was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark."

EGYPT.

WE translate, from the French of M. Eugene Yung, the following account of the recent scientific expedition to Upper Egypt, of which he was a member:

Our travels in Upper Egypt are now ended, the island of Philoe having been the extreme point of our journey.

We have, therefore, set foot upon the threshold of Nubia, in the sacred island of Osiris, at twelve leagues' distance from the tropics, and one thousand leagues from the shores of France, the very spot where General Desaix gave up pursuing the Mamelukes, and where the scientific commission attached to the expedition of the first Napoleon ceased its operations.

After visiting the interesting remains of a number of ancient temples, we assembled in the largest and best-preserved one, to partake of refreshments before turning our faces homeward. Descending the swollen river, we safely passed over the foaming cataract in our broad barge, and, after being tossed about unpleasantly at this disturbed part of our course, we were glad to find ourselves gliding along upon more peaceful waters.

The appearance of the country is peculiar, being at once sombre and brilliant. The dark mountains of Nubia, the layers of yellow sand, and the blocks of granite, of a roseate hue, which are visible at every turn, give an aspect of desolation to this country, shut up within narrow bounds, which a resplendent sun, however, enlivens and animates.

Philoe, Elephantiné, and Assouan, breathe more of Ethiopia than Egypt. Almost all the inhabitants are black, without being negroes, being handsome and well made; their children, in a state of entire nudity, are graceful and charming.

In bidding adieu to this ancient city and place of interest, we did not forget to associate with it the memory of Juvenal, who died there in exile at the age of eighty, for having dared to show his indignation against the vices of his times.

On passing the Temple of Ombos, our grave company of *savants* broke up into two camps respecting the different merits of pure Egyptian architecture and the Græco-Egyptian introduced by Ptolemy.

In support of the latter side, the ruins of Denderah, Esneh, Philoe, and especially of Edfon, were triumphantly pointed out; but, in the evening of the same day, when we landed at Luxor, and marched with lighted torches round the ruins of Karnak, the Ptolemies, vanquished by evidence, were obliged to confess that the monuments of ancient Egyptian architecture, with their boundless dimensions, their columns and pylons of prodigious height, and their gigantic bass-reliefs, are in natural harmony and perfect keeping with this country, where every thing is on a grand scale, although inclined to uniformity and the indefinite repetition of the same forms. Here sober efforts and severe taste would look like abject poverty, the great in every particular overshadowing the beautiful.

If the little temple, constructed by Trajan at Philoe, form an exception to the general rule, and be admired for the fineness of its effect, it is doubtless owing to its position, the surrounding scenery being circumscribed and shut in by hills.

As we descend toward Lower Egypt, the monuments visited carry us back to remoter ages.

At the Temple of Abydos, we found again, as at Thebes or Luxor, representations of Seti and Rameses, who reigned over the land thirty-five centuries ago, and admired the celebrated series of dynasties, discovered by M. Mariette, being the finest collection of Egyptian sculptures in bass-relief which ancient Egypt has bequeathed to us.

We explored the grottoes of Beni-Hassan, and carefully examined a set of frescoes of great freedom and originality of design, retracing the labors and games of the Egyptians of five thousand years ago. Nothing certainly can be more interesting than the study of all those details of primitive life, in which the most of the handicrafts known and practised are depicted, the sports and pastimes of youth forming a natural yet singular contrast to the toils and cares of maturer years, and the everlasting round of joy and sorrow being represented by the different scenes of marriages, births, and deaths.

As regards the far-famed proto-Doric columns of the grotto of Beni-Hassan, about which so much has been said and written, we examined them minutely, but failed to recognize the slightest resemblance to any thing Doric about them.

Thus, from Philoe to Thebes, the eye wanders over Roman and Ptolemaic monuments, and then over those of Sesostrius, of ten centuries earlier; next, Beni-Hassan carries you back into the past fifteen centuries further; and, lastly, the Pyramids, whose summits we ascended, and whose passages we explored (one of them containing the sarcophagus in which the ancient Cheops slept the sleep of death), place us, as it were, upon the threshold of history.

It is a regular, rapid, and progressive march, through ages and centuries, which we trace like a river to its source.

In crossing from Alexandria to Port Said, we pass from the Sphinx, covered with the dust of ages, and deeply marked by the corrosive finger of Time, to the wonderful canal excavated by the power and scientific resources of modern civilization: from Cheops to M. de Lesseps; from the mystic past of the land of the Pharaohs to the commercial future of Egypt and the world.

The last spectacle witnessed by us in this ancient country was, perhaps, the most interesting that came under our observation—at all events, it was the one that most riveted our attention.

Under the superintendence of M. Mariette, a temple was discovered and excavated, which, from all appearances, was dedicated to the god represented by the Sphinx. After proper examination, we became convinced of the fact that it is one of the most ancient monuments of architecture in the world, the Sphinx, as is well known, antedating the oldest Pyramids.

When the Egyptians constructed this temple, they only knew how to cut stones in a quadrangular form, with their clumsy instruments, and were as yet unable to round their columns or decorate them with sculptures and carvings.

They were, however, on the path of progress, and had already understood that stones, placed above each other in a certain order, were capable of producing an ideal effect, which appealed to the mind.

Nearly seven thousand years ago, they already possessed this instinct, or, as we might almost say, this revelation.

Those squared columns, joined together by lintels, are so correct and harmonious in their proportions, and succeed each other with so much regularity in their arrangement, that they impart to the entire

edifice an air of undoubted grandeur. Here we have architecture in its infancy, with its capabilities and promise of future excellence; other monuments may be more worthy of admiration; but none, assuredly, merits more of our veneration.

On reaching the newly-founded city of Port Said on the 17th of November, we found the whole town in a state of indescribable excitement, on account of the opening of the Suez Canal, which was about to take place. Special messengers in gaudy costumes and uniforms, in the service of persons of distinction from the East and West, glided continually to and fro, and greatly contributed to the animation of the scene.

After the usual ceremonies of inauguration had been gone through, the war-vessels carrying the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and a host of distinguished persons from Europe, Asia, and America, entered the canal amid the thundering of artillery and the enthusiastic cheering of the assembled on-lookers.

We entered with fifty other steamers and merchantmen, and followed closely in procession; the entrance of the canal is marked by two provisory wooden obelisks, and possesses no striking features to arrest the attention. The canal makes at this point a sweeping curve, thanks to which we could see each of the vessels that preceded or followed us.

The country is flat as far as the eye can reach, and absolutely sterile—there not being the slightest trace of man, beast, bird, or vegetation, nothing but a vast desert and boundless horizons. The steamers and ships, at a short distance, seemed moving over the sands, and presented a scene that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

After eight hours' sail, we cast anchor in Lake Timsah, a spacious basin, which easily held the whole fleet; opposite us was the town of Ismailia, brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, in which the inhabitants were holding high festival.

On landing at the pier, we mingled with the crowds of Europeans and Orientals on the spacious boulevards, already shaded with rows of young trees; this town, created but yesterday, is enlivened with splendid shops, surmounted by signs in French, Italian, Greek, English, etc.; at the outskirts of the town, an immense encampment stretches on every side, for the accommodation of tourists, visitors, soldiers, cavalry and infantry, beys from the towns of Egypt, sheiks from the villages, and Arab chiefs, and tribes of Bedouins from the desert.

Next day we resumed our course somewhat monotonously, traversed, at full speed, the broad waters of the Bitter Lakes, a splendid sheet of water, large enough to hold all the navies of the world, and reached in safety the port of Suez, on the Red Sea, without having encountered a single difficulty throughout the whole course. We have, therefore, among the first witnessed the solution of the vexed problem of the opening of the new highway to the East, which will ever remain on record as one of the most gigantic efforts of human genius and perseverance.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

IV.

NEWTON, being asked how he came to make his discoveries, replied, "By always thinking of them. I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light."

BEARDS.—A divine in Queen Elizabeth's time, who had the longest and largest beard in the kingdom, assigned this as a reason for wearing it: "That no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

MEMORY AND HOPE are the two Paradises of the heart—the Paradise Lost and the Paradise Regained.—*Jean Paul.*

PREACHING.—A divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation in the kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them.—*Swift.*

INNOCENCE AND REPENTANCE.—God has fixed upon the earth two gates which lead to heaven. He has placed them at the two extremities of life; one at its beginning, the other at its end. The first is that of innocence, the second, that of repentance.—*Saint-Pierre.*

EMBALMING.—The body of Lady Audry Leigh, embalmed and

buried in 1640, in a leaden coffin, in an old chapel in Warwickshire, England, was exhumed in 1862, in a state of perfect preservation. No part of her face or figure was at all fallen in.

"DIE IN THE LAST DITCH."—This phrase was first used by William III., of England, when the English ambassador told him that Holland was utterly lost, unless he consented to seek the protection of France. "I have thought," said William, "of a means of avoiding to behold the ruin of my country—it is, to die in the last ditch."

VOLTAIRE used to attend church regularly, and partake of the Communion.

NEW TESTAMENT.—Lord Hailes, a laborious Scotch lawyer of the last century, proved, by actual examination, that, if there were no copies of the New Testament extant, the whole of it might be restored from the writings of the Christian Fathers of the first four centuries.

SPINKLO PARIS, a Tuscan painter, is said to have so painted Lucifer, in his picture of "The Fallen Angels," that he was affrighted at his own work, and affected in his mind ever after.

LOWLAND SCOTCH is the truest and purest English that is left us. It does not differ essentially from the dialect of the rest of Northumberland.—*Saturday Review.*

PUERITANISM.—It was once a capital offence in Connecticut for a priest to be seen within the settlements after the first warning.—*Milnes.*

THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.—The Egyptians fondly conceived that the soul after death, like a grateful guest, dwelt in the body so long as the same was kept swept and garnished, but finally forsook it and sought out a new body, if once the corpse was either carelessly neglected or despitely abused; and, therefore, to woo the soul to constant residence in their bodies, they were so prodigiously expensive in embalming their dead, and erecting stately places for their monuments.—*Thomas Fuller.*

QUEEN ANNE alleged, as one reason for changing her prime minister, that he had appeared before her in a tie-wig, instead of a full bottom.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

OLD AGE.—We should no more lament that we have grown old, than the husbandman that, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, summer or autumn has come.—*Cicero.*

MARRIAGE.—A slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.—*Coleridge.*

JUSTICE.—Lord Chief-Justice Wilmut said he once tried an innkeeper for poisoning some of his customers with his port-wine, and that the indictment was quashed by the impudence of the fellow, who absolutely proved that there had not been a drop of real port in the hogshead.—*Craddock.*

PENMANSHIP.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Peter Bales wrote the Bible in a little volume, which he put in a nutshell.

POLITENESS.—The Druses, in common with all classes in Syria, are born with a natural tendency to politeness and etiquette. The awkward gesture and speech, so habitual to clodhoppers in Europe, are never met with in the East.—*Chassaud.*

ECLIPSE.—Madame de Staël says that the inhabitants of Boulogne hissed an eclipse, because the clouds prevented them from seeing it fairly.

TEMPERANCE is the best physic, patience the best law, and a good conscience the best divinity.—*Sanderson.*

COWARDICE.—The evening before a battle, an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permission to visit his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who saw through the pretext—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

SINGING.—I have been at one opera.—Mr. Wesley's. They had boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts to Scotch-ballad tunes; but, indeed, so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them.—*Horace Walpole.*

CHANCE.—How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground, before they would fall into an exact form, yes, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world?—*Tillotson.*

DRUNKENNESS.—I saw no man drunk in any place of Germany, though I was in many goodly cities and much notable company.—*Coryat's Crudities.*

GRAVITY.—A French wit defines gravity thus: a mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defects of the mind.

HONORS.—Fools, indeed, are apt to be blown up by them, and to sacrifice all for them; sometimes venturing their heads only to get a feather in their caps.—*Robert South.*

LORD SOMERS.—Horace Walpole said of him, that he was one of those divine men who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly.

HUMAN LIFE.—Our life is like Alpine countries, where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is a step from a garden to a glacier.—*Jean Paul.*

COMPANY.—The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same thing said in a little room, or in a large saloon; at small tables, or at great tables; before two candles or twenty sconces.—*Dean Swift.*

HONESTY.—He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

ABBEYS.—Camden says that Henry VIII. suppressed six hundred and forty-eight convents.

ERRATUM.—A printer's widow in Germany substituted for *Herr* (Lord) in Gen. iii. 16 ("He shall be thy Lord"), in an edition of the Bible which was printing at her house, the word *Narr* (fool). This edition brings, on that account, a great price.

"MANIFEST DESTINY."

SO far as known to the writer, the reasons assigned for the annexation of Cuba, Canada, and Mexico, to the United States, are two in number: first, that such annexation is consonant with national glory; and, second, that there is some geographical necessity or propriety in the whole North-American Continent, with the contiguous islands, being under one government.

As to the argument of national glory, the question arises, What is "national glory?" When this is answered, the weight of the argument may be estimated.

As to the second argument, another question arises. The argument is, that there is some geographical necessity or propriety in all North America being under one government. The question is, whether there is any thing in geographical proximity which renders political unity either necessary or proper. To ask this question is to answer it. The mind reverts at once to the Iberian Peninsula, where Spain and Portugal have been separate governments for centuries; to Germany, divided up, for other centuries, into Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and divers other states; to Sweden and Norway, counterparts in the north of Spain and Portugal in the south of Europe, separate governments from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth; to Greece and Turkey—the third collocation in Europe like the Iberian and Scandinavian Peninsulas—geographically one, and yet politically two. So far, then, the facts do not seem to say that geographical proximity necessitates political unity. As to whether it justifies such unity, is another view. On our theory, it does not. We hold that government is dependent for its just powers on the consent of the governed. Proximity notwithstanding, we deny the justice of British dominion in Ireland, and deem the partition of Poland a crime. So pronounced, indeed, is our opposition to political unification on merely geographical grounds, that there has never been a coalescence of two or more States, or parts of States, under our system, though our fundamental law admits of such coalescence, and there are some remarkable geographical irregularities on our map. Delaware is, so far as Nature can manage it, an integral portion of Maryland, and Rhode Island, in like manner, appertains to Connecticut. As to parts of States, Long Island, by every rule of proximity, should belong to Connecticut; Alabama should extend down the Chattahoochee to the Gulf; Mississippi should have that portion of Louisiana east of the river; and Wisconsin should have Upper Michigan. Still none of these changes have ever been made, nor have they been seriously contemplated; while, upon the contrary, there have been sundry severances of geographical unity for the sake of political independence. The record shows Vermont created out of New York, Tennessee from North Carolina, Mississippi from South Carolina, Alabama from Georgia and South Carolina, Maine from Massachusetts, and Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, from Virginia.

With this it may be of interest, before passing to another view of the subject, to consider the argument of proximity in an historical point of view. It at once strikes us that "manifest destiny" is not

an invention of our own day. From the earliest times it has been a belief that geographical proximity justified and necessitated political unity. Nimrod had this view; Alexander had it; Cæsar, and the Cæsars; Charles V.; and Napoleon I. The first political allusion in Scripture bears upon it. The whole earth was of one language and of one speech, and the Lord scattered them. "Go to," said they, "let us make us a name." And the Lord said, "Behold, the people is one!" So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth. From that day, imperial unity has been a dream. The Assyrian kings left their columns in India and in Egypt; Alexander wept for new worlds; Rome left in the whole earth no place for her enemies, save the north parts of Scythia, where, says Herodotus, are the sepulchres; Charles V. sought to unify all Europe, and Napoleon I. followed in his footsteps. One by one, these empires, being abnormal, fell. It is the first political condition of humanity to remain as it was left on the plain of Shinar—broken up into peoples. Dante understood this, and it is the soul of his "Divine Comedy" that, when the world shall be, in its millennium, of the one religion, then also shall it first be under the rule of the one king.

There are some other views of annexation, which may be best presented under appropriate heads:

RELIGION.—By the latest information, the population of Canada—including under that term "Quebec," the new name for what was formerly Canada East, "Ontario," the old Canada West, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland—is 3,290,515; the population of Mexico, 8,137,850; and of Cuba 1,024,004—making, with the population of Hayti (708,700) and Porto Rico (474,058), a total of 14,077,293. From the United States Land-Office report of 1867, we learn that "in 1870, according to existing ratios, the population of this country will be over 42,500,000," thus showing that an addition of at least a full third of the estimated population of the United States in 1870 is concerned in the current talk of annexation. Now, in 1860, the population of the United States was, in round numbers, 31,500,000. Of these, a reliable year-book of ecclesiastical statistics estimates that 21,000,000 were Protestants, not perhaps strictly communicants, but of Protestant sympathies. At this rate, there are now about 28,000,000 Protestants in the United States. The estimate for Canada is, that about three-fifths are Protestant, the rest—descendants of the original French settlers—Catholic. Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hayti, are thoroughly Catholic. Under this exhibit, we have the following view of how annexation would affect the present religious balance of power, so to speak, of the United States:

	Protestant.	Catholic.
Canada,	2,000,000	1,300,000
Mexico,		8,000,000
Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hayti, .		2,600,000
	2,000,000	11,900,000

From which it will be seen that the unification of this continent would give the United States an additional population of 14,000,000, in the proportion of about six Catholics to one Protestant. Such an addition would change the present probable ratio of two Protestants to every Catholic to a ratio of fifteen Protestants to thirteen Catholics, or, instead of being as two to one, as one and two-thirteenths to one. Further, it is to be considered that, while Mexico and the Antilles present no evidence of a spread of Protestantism, it is one of the signs of the times that Catholicity is progressing in the United States, and also, in a more limited degree, in Canada. Further still, it is to be considered that, while the Protestant interest is subdivided, Catholicity is organized like an army, and, wherever religion touches the state, could wield almost every Catholic voter with as much certainty as a general counts upon his veteran troops. As stated, the population of the United States is now close on to 42,000,000. Out of this, 5,500,000 votes, in round numbers, were cast at the late presidential election, or about one vote in eight. Applying this ratio to the 14,000,000 Mexicans, Canadians, Cubans, Haytians, and Porto-Ricans, we perceive that on any politico-religious test their vote would stand close on to a million and a half Catholic to some three hundred thousand Protestant. How far this and the other religious aspects of annexation may make for or against it, the writer does not say; he is not arguing the question on either side, but merely presenting facts and probabilities for the consideration of others.

RACE.—While the United States are now distinctively Protestant, they are still more distinctly Anglo-Saxon. The Celtic element is, to be sure, quite appreciable, and so, along with some others, there is a Latin element, though hardly found outside of Louisiana, save in the shape of a slight French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese immigration; but the great bulk of the American people are of Saxon lineage. Now, if Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico, were brought in, this Saxon element would receive some accession from the English Canadians; but then, on the other hand, the French-Canadians, Cubans, Porto-Ricans, and Mexicans, would reinforce our present Latin element to the extent of at least 10,000,000. Add to this Latin influx the negroes of Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hayti, and the Indians of Mexico and Canada, and it can be seen that the question of race, already so troublesome, would rise, with annexation, into some new and exceedingly momentous proportions.

IDIOSYNCRASY.—Closely connected with the question of race, almost, in fact, identical with it, is the question of idiosyncrasy. The great political difference between the Germanic race and the Latin is, that the Saxon is capable of constitutional government, and the Latin seems not. The French are one of the most learned, acute, inventive of peoples, and yet it has passed into a jest that their constitutions are current literature. The Spaniards are a grave people; the Italians exceedingly subtle; the Portuguese were once the greatest organizers of colonies in the world—and yet none of them seem more capable of representative government than the French. It seems, and it is exceedingly remarkable that it should so appear, as if every people that speaks a tongue based on ancient Rome had utterly lost the faculty of popular government. Such being the case, a large infusion of the Latin element into the population of the United States would tend to produce a departure from the republican model of government, and an approximation to the regal form. Beyond this general idiosyncratic result of annexation, there are some of a more special nature. The tendencies of the Cuban and the Canadian are rather peaceful and lethargic than otherwise, and so far that infusion would not disturb the republic; but Hayti and Mexico are the very headquarters of anarchy. It may be said that a slight exercise of force would soon put an end to all this. So far as regards Hayti, this may be so, though, if we were to lose one land and naval force as large as General Le Clerc's, the tranquillity of the island would be dearly bought. Coming to Mexico, the case is different. The writer has been told by a traveller in that unhappy country that its geography is at the bottom of its woes. It is cut up by *sierras*, or mountain-ranges, into an infinitude of difficult ravines where one man may defy a thousand. Being pursued in one sierra, the revolutionist slips out into another, and lo! as he is pursued into that, a fresh revolutionist starts up in the rear of the government forces to take the place that the first has left. This kind of thing may be stopped, it is true, but our experience in the Seminole War and the course of existing operations on the border teach us that the conquest of even the most contemptible foe may cost more than it comes to, when that foe is in possession of great natural defences. Further than this, it is to be taken into account that, if existing rules last, the annexation of the Antilles would bring something like one million five hundred thousand more negroes into American citizenship. Concurrent with this, it will strike the reader that, by reason of being in the majority, this class will sway the internal destinies of one of the very richest portions of the New World. It is said by statisticians that Cuba produces more wealth in proportion to her population than any portion of the known world. Porto Rico is scarcely less productive, and Hayti was once a gold-mine to France. Under negro dominance, it is now poor, and, as it is with Hayti, it might, under like conditions, be with Cuba and Porto Rico. The restraining influence of the Federal Government, and the operation of a white immigration to these islands, should there be one, might do much to the mitigation of these probabilities; but still, for many years, it is evident that annexation, with citizenship, would leave the Antilles mainly dependent on such capacity for orderly government and sustained labor as the African idiosyncrasy may possess.

TEMPER.—As another matter of great interest, we are to consider the question of popular temper as affected by annexation. The fundamental rule of our polity is the will of the people, not what you or I think for their good, or what the people themselves know to be for their own good, but the will of the people, just as the unrestrained volition of a private man is held competent to the derival of his goods. Now, as will is government, and temper but the forerunner of will, it

is important to consider how the temper of this continent would appear on its unification. In the first place, it is evident that, if any of the at present outlying portions were brought involuntarily into the Union, the temper of that portion would chafe. There would be plenty of those in it who would turn our theory—of any other government but that of consent being a tyranny—to the purposes of stimulating and perpetuating the natural resentment any people forcibly brought in might feel. In the next place, it will appear that, even if the coalescence were voluntary, any disappointment in the good expected from it would be made an instrument to the stirring up of strife. After the union of England and Scotland, any and every evil afflicting the latter country was, for nearly fifty years, laid at the door of "the black union," and, in the course of these fifty years, Scotland twice rose for the Stuarts, and shook the British throne. Now, so far as known to the writer, the current idea of annexation does not condition coalescence on consent, nor does it seem of such a temper as would calmly acquiesce in the rejection of any tender of unification, if made. Force would be the result. It does not appear that there is, either in Canada, Mexico, or Cuba, any special desire to become a part of the American Union; and indeed, so far as evidenced, popular sentiment in those countries is just the other way. Under these circumstances, annexation could only be accomplished by force. Force, of course, is easy, and its exercise would be the accomplishment of the object of its exertion. But the continent, being thus unified, would be found to contain an organized body of hate. Take a discontented Canada, a discontented Mexico, a discontented brood of Antilles, add to these a discontented South, and there rises a discontented aggregate of twenty-four million people in a total population of fifty-six million—three-sevenths of the people chafing under a conviction of injury in a government based on the popular vote. On any thing like a division of sentiment in the rest of the body-politic, these twenty-four millions would sweep every thing before them at the ballot-box, in the Congress, or on the field.

AVOCATION.—Connected with the matter of annexation is a highly important business consideration. As at present constituted, the divisions of labor in the United States are about as follow: The East manufactures, the North carries, the South grows cotton, and the West grain. The mill, the ship, the cotton-plantation, and the wheat-field, are the symbols of the four sections. At present, the mill and the ship are in the high ascendant. In other words, the manufacturing and commercial interests rule the agricultural. With the unification of this continent, these conditions must reverse. The largest Canadian interest is the agricultural; the largest Cuban interest is agricultural. Add the Canadian and Western grain, and the Cuban and Southern sugar, tobacco, cotton, and rice, together, and it is evident that, when this alliance comes to voting, it must overwhelm opposing interests. The best and the most cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, of the world, backed by Mexican gold and silver, are in themselves a most formidable army, if handled well. The consequences of an agricultural dominance it is easy to trace; one first step will be, to so use its power as to build up a commerce and a manufacturing system of its own, it so happening that there are on the coast-lines of the great staple districts of North America harbors that only need use, just as in the interior is water-power that only needs mills.

UNION.—A last thing that will be considered is, whether annexation, which is sought as a means of unifying this continent, will not defeat any considerable union at all; whether, in short, piling so many golden guineas into one pocket will not break down the lining, and let the gold all go. We have intimated above that a distribution into separate peoples seems the historic rule of continents, and a continental empire of all peoples an exception to the rule. Such, at least, is thought to be a just deduction from the fact that, while every age has had nations and peoples, but few have seen empires. The peoples, the nations, have lasted; the empires have faded away. Such a duration of one and decay of the other would seem to show one consonant to Nature and the other not. The world, in short, is seen to be a village where all mingle pleasantly together for commerce or society, while, as yet, each lives in his own house. Convert all houses into one, turn everybody into it, and where would peace and concord, trade or friendship, be?

Better—

"A little farm, well tilled;
A little wife, well willed"—

than ten thousand rambling acres, or a harem of a hundred lights.

CALIFORNIANS LASSOING A BEAR.

THE steel engraving which accompanies this number of the *JOURNAL* illustrates a not uncommon incident in California—the lassoing of a bear by native Californians. This very novel method of capturing the bear has been usually omitted in those compilations of bear-stories common to school readers and books of adventure; but an incident similar to this depicted by Mr. Darley is very graphically related by Mr. Ross Browne in his "Crusoe's Island," a book of adventures in California and Washoe. He was crossing the valley of Santa Marguerita, which he describes as follows:

"Enclosed by ranges of blue mountains were broad, rich pastures, covered with innumerable herds of cattle; beautifully diversified with groves, streams, and shrubbery; castellated cliffs in the foreground as the trail wound downward; a group of cattle grazing by the margin of a little lake, their forms mirrored in the water; a mirage in the distance; mountain upon mountain beyond, as far as the eye could reach, till their dim outlines were lost in the golden glow of the atmosphere.

"I had passed," he says, "nearly across the valley, and was about to enter upon an undulating and beautifully-timbered range of country extending into it from the foot-hills, when a dust arose on a rise of ground a little to the left and about half a mile distant. My mule, ever on the alert for some new danger, pricked up his ears and manifested symptoms of uncontrollable fear. The object rapidly approached, and, without further warning, the mule whirled around and fled at the top of his speed. Neither bridle nor switch had the slightest effect. In vain I struggled to arrest his progress, believing this, like many other frights he had experienced on the road, was rather the result of innate cowardice than of any substantial cause of apprehension. One material difference was perceptible. He never before ran so fast. Through brush and mire, over rocks, into deep arroyos and out again, he dashed in his frantic career, never once stopping till by some mischance one of his forefeet sank in a squirrel-hole, when he rolled headlong on the ground, throwing me with considerable violence several yards in advance. I jumped to my feet at once, hoping to catch him before he could get up, but he was on his feet and away before I had time to make the attempt. It now became a matter of personal interest to know what he was running from. Upon looking back, I was astonished to see not only one object, but four others in the rear, bearing rapidly down toward me. The first was a large animal of some kind—I could not determine what—the others, mounted horsemen in full chase. Whatever the object of the chase was, it was not safe to be a spectator in the direct line of their route. I cast a hurried look around, and discovered a break in the earth a few hundred yards distant, toward which I ran with all speed. It was a sort of mound rooted up by the squirrels or coyotes, and afforded some trifling shelter, where I crouched down close to the ground. Scarcely had I partially concealed myself when I heard a loud shouting from the men on horseback, and, peeping over the bank, saw within fifty or sixty paces a huge grizzly bear, but no longer retreating. He had faced round toward his pursuers, and now seemed determined to fight. The horsemen were evidently native Californians, and managed their animals with wonderful skill and grace. The nearest swept down like an avalanche toward the bear, while the others coursed off a short distance in a circling direction to prevent his escape. Suddenly swerving a little to one side, the leader whirled his lasso once or twice around his head, and let fly at his game with unerring aim. The loop caught one of the fore-paws, and the bear was instantly jerked down upon his haunches, struggling and roaring with all his might. It was a striking instance of the power of the rider over the horse, that, wild with terror as the latter was, he dared not disobey the slightest pressure of the rein, but went through all the evolutions, blowing trumpet-blasts from his nostrils and with eyes starting from their sockets. Despite the strain kept upon the lasso, the bear soon regained his feet, and commenced hauling in the spare line with his fore-paws so as to get within reach of the horse. He had advanced within ten feet before the nearest of the other horsemen could bring his lasso to bear upon him. The first throw was at his hind-legs—the main object to stretch him out—but it missed. Another more fortunate cast took him round the neck. Both riders pulled in opposite directions, and the bear soon rolled on the ground again, biting furiously at the lassos, and uttering the most

terrific roars. The strain upon his neck soon choked off his breath, and he was forced to let loose his grasp upon the other lasso. While struggling to free his neck, the two other horsemen dashed up, swinging their lassos, and shouting with all their might so as to attract his attention. The nearest, watching narrowly every motion of the frantic animal, soon let fly his lasso, and made a lucky hitch around one of his hind-legs. The other, following quickly with a large loop, swung it entirely over the bear's body, and all four riders now set up a yell of triumph and began pulling in opposite directions. The writhing, pitching, and straining of the powerful monster were now absolutely fearful. A dust arose over him, and the earth flew up in every direction. Sometimes by a desperate effort he regained his feet, and actually dragged one or more of the horses toward him by main strength; but, whenever he attempted this, the others stretched their lassos, and either choked him or jerked him down upon his haunches. It was apparent that his wind was giving out, partly by reason of the long chase, and partly owing to the noose around his throat. A general pull threw him once more upon his back. Before he could regain his feet, the horsemen, by a series of dexterous manœuvres, wound him completely up, so that he lay perfectly quiet upon the ground, breathing heavily, and utterly unable to extricate his paws from the labyrinth of lassos in which he was entangled. One of the riders now gave the reins of his horse to another and dismounted. Cautiously approaching, with a spare riata, he cast a noose over the bear's fore-paws, and wound the remaining part tightly round the neck, so that what strength might still have been left was speedily exhausted by suffocation. This done, another rider dismounted, and the two soon succeeded in binding their victim so firmly by the paws that it was impossible for him to break loose. They next bound his jaws together by means of another riata, winding it all the way up around his head, upon which they loosened the fastening around his neck so as to give him air. When all was secure, they freed the lassos and again mounted their horses."

HORACE.*

THE attempt is not less perseveringly renewed by lovers of the golden Greek and Latin poets to transfer their elusive beauties to another tongue, notwithstanding they bring their erudition or even genius to accomplish that which in its nature is impossible. One may acquire some laurels as compared with previous competitors, while the highest success yet reached by any is at the best defeat. The life of genuine poetry is secluded in the identical words, the *ipsissima verba*—which are its form. Wherein consists the subtle union and sympathy—which is like that of soul and body—between these words in their attractive look, sound, and collocation or suggestiveness, and a poetic idea, we may not have it in our power precisely to define; but so it is, that the charm, grace, and very essence of that which we admired, vanish away with the least change of structure, or any substitution of outer fabric for that in which the beautiful thought was originally enshrined. The two appear to have been eternally intended for one another, according to Nature or some immutable law. It is the prerogative and triumph of true genius to bring about this auspicious conjunction, which is thenceforth indissoluble forever, while to seek to transfer this volatile spirit, this delicate aroma, to another casket, is as vain as to expect that a different set of features from those with which one is born would express the individuality of a man. The *curiosa felicitas verborum* is indeed the birth of sentiment into a shape exclusively its own, with investiture of just such fashion; it is that exquisite adaptation for which there can be no equivalent; it is something for which the materials do not exist outside the distinctive power of its creator, and the idiomatic peculiarities of the language which he employs. If this philosophy be true, it by no means follows that much pleasure may not be derived from so-called translations of classic authors, or that incentives are wanting for the appreciative scholar to accomplish what he can. The task itself is a refining process, a virtuous experiment which brings its own reward. The Earl of Derby signalized his old age in a work which, however inferior to old Chapman, as well as others in certain parts, is one of singular exactness within all possible bounds, and will be a lasting

honor to his name. It is not Homer, but it is such a transcript as only true devotion and the best of training could have produced. It was, we confess, with no small zest and curiosity that we took up a new version of Horace (the Odes and Epodes) by one whose brilliant triumphs have been achieved in every department of English letters, whose glow has not diminished with advancing years, and whose successive works have seemed to accord more and more with the principles of high art. But if Lord Lytton has fallen short of what we hoped, it is not simply from the inherent difficulties already stated, from the niceties, peculiar turns or forms of expression in his author, but rather from the novel experiment which he has been inclined to hazard, from the laws of rhythm which he has laid down for himself, and from the adoption of certain rhymeless and nondescript measures of which we cannot regard the effect as pleasing. Instead of attempting a close imitation of the ancient metres, his aim has been to construct several varieties of his own, consistent with the character of English prosody, while akin to the prevailing spirit of the original. But if English hexameters and pentameters have on the whole been acknowledged unsuccessful, and Sapphic odes have found their best illustration, but associated only with ridicule in the needy "Knife-Grinder" of Canning, we submit it whether the analogous structures of Lord Lytton's invention seem any more natural or congenial to our tongue. The question with us is, not whether he has not given a very true and often elegant rendering of the more sense or meaning of his author—as we think he has—but whether the best poetic justice which he was capable of doing has been secured in such a way. It is, whether by the genius of Bulwer, a nicer conception of the spirit of the original might not have been conveyed through a free translation in rhymes, allowing him to use such English measures as struck his fancy most. We think, as a whole, from the brilliancy of his untrammelled muse, that he might have produced the best version which has yet appeared, although it might be difficult to excel in the happy turn of expression some separate renderings of single poems at divers times by different hands. We very much doubt whether it will be easy to reconcile the public ear and taste to unwonted measures, rhythmical novelties, which are never likely to come into vogue. As a sample, without any particular search to get hold of that which would justify the above impressions, we select the beautiful ode to Postumus, the fourteenth of the second book: "*Eheu! fugaces*," etc.

"Ah, Postumus, Postumus, the years glide by us,
Alas! no piety delays the wrinkles.
Nor old age imminent,
Nor the indomitable hand of death.

"Though thrice each day a hecatomb were offered,
Friend, thou couldst soften not the tearless Pluto,
Encoiling Tytus vast,
And Geryon, triple giant, with sad waves—

"Waves over which we all of us must voyage,
All whoso'er the fruits of earth have tasted;
Whether that earth we ruled
As kings, or served as judges of its soil.

"Vainly we shun Mars and the gory battle,
Vainly the Hadrian hoarse with stormy breakers,
Vainly each autumn's fall,
The sicklied airs through which the south-wind sails.

"Still the dull winding ooze of slow Cocytus,
The ill-famed Danaids, and to task that ends not
Sentenced, Oolides:
These are the sights on which we all must gaze.

"Lands, home, and wife, in whom thy soul delighteth,
Left; and one tree alone of all thy woodlands,
Loathed cypress, faithful found,
Shall follow to the last, the brief-lived lord.

"The worthier heir thy Cœcuban shall squander,
Bursting the hundred locks that guard its treasures
And wines more rare than those
Sipped at high feasts by pontiffs, dye the floor."

This will hardly be deemed very musical, to compensate for not being absolutely literal; and although the allusions, which must be awkwardly paraphrased, the patronymics and proper names make it difficult of execution, it is hardly more agreeable to our sense than the rendering of other odes where the like obstructions do not exist. It is true that the strangely-sounding English prose is broken up into lines of various lengths, to the eye at least somewhat resembling the

* The Odes and Epodes of Horace. A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries. By Lord Lytton. 1870.

Horatian, with a kind of rhythm the secret principles of which we are left to discover for ourselves; but we are little captivated with a diction and mode of expression so foreign to our tongue. In the fourth stanza, for

"Frustra per autumnos nocentum
Corporibus metuemus Austrum,"

we have—

"Vainly [we shun] each autumn's fall
The sicklied *airs* through which the south-wind *sails*."

The italics are our own.

In the following stanza—

"The ill-famed Danaids, and to task that ends not

Sentenced, Oolides:

These are the sights on which we all must gaze"—

is decidedly hard. In contrast and comparison with the above, we select a free, metrical version of the same ode, by a contemporary of Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, a most exquisite poet, but latterly neglected, owing to the mingled chaff and impurities which mar his page. It is from a choice Pickering edition, which we have before us, of his "Hesperides." We transcribe but a few of the first verses, as the rest, wherein he departs from the text and proceeds in his own vein, are but an adaptation to the general sentiment of the piece, and they are dedicated to his "Peculiar friend, Mr. John Wickes:—"

"Ah Posthumus! our yeares hence flye,
And leave no sound; nor piety
Or prayers, or vow,
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow:
But we must on,
As fate does lead, or draw us; none,
None, Posthumus, could e'er decline
The doome of cruell Proserpine.

"The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee
Save only the curst cypresse tree;
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind.
Let's live, my Wickes then, while we may
And here enjoy our holiday.

"On, on we must, and thither tend,
Where Aeneas and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed;
Thus has infernall Jove decreed;
We must be made
Ere long a song, ere long a shade,
Why then since life to us is short
Let's make it full up by our sport.

"Crown we our heads with roses then,
Anoint with Syrian balm; for when
We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.
Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and lucky stone."

One more example, however, from the work under review, as that already given, from some phrases almost inconvertible from the Latin into pleasing, and at the same time tolerably literal English, may not be deemed by some readers as a fair exponent of the whole; and we quote now from Lord Lytton's version of the Eighteenth Ode, Second Book (*Non ebur neque aureum*), which presents fewer difficulties, is more simple in construction, and unencumbered in its easy flow:

"To me nor gold, nor ivory lends
Its shine to fret my ceiling;
Nor shafts in farthest Afric hewn
Props architruves Hymettian!

"I do not claim, an unknown heir,
The spoils of Orient kingdoms,
No wives of honest clients weave
For me Laconian purples.

"Yet mine is truth, and mine some vein
Of inborn genius kindly;
Though poor, I do not court the rich,
But by the rich am courted.

"I do not weary Heaven for more,
I tax no kindly patron;

Content with all I own on earth,
Some rural acres Sabine."

This is certainly pleasing, though we miss the rhyme, and the remaining verses are equally so, the author attempting only "to give a general idea of the trippingness and brevity of sound" of a metre of which there is no other example in Horace, said to have been invented by Hipponax, and sometimes called Euripidean. Although we cannot be enthusiastic over Lord Lytton's experiment of constructing metres, inaugurated by him in his "Lost Tales of Miletus," yet we regard his new version of the Odes and Epodes as still a noble contribution to letters. How genuine are his qualifications for the task undertaken, and how deep is his appreciation of his favorite classic, is evinced by his notes and comments, and more particularly in the exhaustive and admirable analysis which forms the introduction of this work. Therein he explains, with remarkable insight, the secret of that charm which makes Horace the delight of boyhood and the welcome companion of a mellow old age; his genial humanity, his universal sympathies, his cheerful philosophy, and his "inclination toward the agreeable aspects of our mortal estate;" how with pleasurable temperament is blended a manliness of sentiment rousing up the most generous impulses of youth; how the Epicurean and the Stoic which exist in all natures speak out through him; what was the scope of his observation, and the "generalizing character of his reasoning powers;" how charming was his innate refinement and urbanity, as opposed to provincial narrowness and vulgarity of taste; and how with these qualities, developed by polished town-life, was combined a simple delight in rural Nature. "He might be as familiar with Sir Philip Sidney in the shades of Penshurst as with Lord Chesterfield in the saloons of Mayfair." He finely dissects the elements or qualities which are components of his lyric art—that terseness which restricted his language to the very idea which he desired to express—his word-painting and the dramatic power which gave life to his scenes, passing on to a notice of Horatian style and diction, and to numerous other points of an extended essay to which we cannot now refer.

THE CITY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

THE engraving, on the first page of this number of the JOURNAL, represents a part of the ruins of the Spanish gate of the ancient little city of St. Augustine, Florida. That city was the earliest settled by white men within the limits of the United States. Ponce de Leon landed there in 1512, but it was not till half a century later, in 1565, that Don Pedro Menendez established a permanent colony, and founded a town, to which he gave the name of St. Augustine. Its foundations were laid in blood, for Menendez began his rule in Florida by the cruel and treacherous massacre of several hundred Frenchmen who had surrendered themselves prisoners of war. And, for two centuries afterward, the annals of the town exhibit a prolonged scene of slaughter and destruction. No other town in America has endured so many sieges or suffered so much from hostile fleets and armies. The daring Huguenot adventurer, Dominique de Gourgues, captured and destroyed it in 1567, in revenge for the murder of his countrymen. It was immediately rebuilt, and, during the twelve years' rule of Menendez, who, notwithstanding his cruelty, was a very able man, and of high repute in Spanish history, it flourished exceedingly, and in 1586 was probably larger and more populous than it is now. In that year it was sacked and burned by Sir Francis Drake, the English filibuster. It was again rebuilt, and it is said was again destroyed by the Indians in 1610. This, however, is very doubtful. But it is certain that, in 1665, Captain Davis, an English buccaneer, repeated Drake's exploit, and captured and plundered the town. In 1702 it was attacked by an English expedition led by Governor Moore, of South Carolina, but the attack was successfully repelled. A similar attack by Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, in 1740, was also repulsed after a siege of considerable length; and so also was a second expedition, under the same commander, in 1743.

In 1821, St. Augustine passed with the rest of Florida from the dominion of Spain to that of the United States. In the civil war of 1861 it was seized by the Confederates, but was soon regained by the Union forces, we believe without bloodshed in either case, though many raiding fights, and one sanguinary battle, that of Olustee, took place in Florida in the course of the contest.

Under the Spaniards, the town was protected by a wall, or stockade, across its northern end, which was deemed sufficient for its defence, as it stands on a peninsula nearly surrounded by the St. Sebastian River and St. Augustine Bay. The gateway of the old wall still stands, and is quite an imposing ruin, with ornamental towers and loop-holed sentry-boxes. The wall itself has totally disappeared, though the ditch, which was broad and deep, and ran from shore to shore, is still visible, and is even yet partially filled with water at high tides.

The gate of the city is built of *coquina*, a peculiar conglomerate of fine shells and sand, which is found in large quantities on Anastasia Island at the entrance of the harbor, and is easily cut in the quarry, but hardens on exposure to the air. The houses of the city, many of which are in ruins, are mostly built of this material, though the newer structures are generally of wood, in the usual American style. The cart and the mule and the negro-boy of our illustration represent the kind of equipage most in use in Eastern Florida, though the primitive style of the country is rapidly giving way before the innovations introduced by the Northern settlers, who have poured into Florida since the termination of the civil war, attracted by its cheap lands, its rich productions, and its delicious climate.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE has delivered a lecture, in Hull, in defence of "Fiction," in which he sought to prove the rationality of the amusement of novel-reading, arguing that it is often a wholesome as well as pleasant practice. Mr. Trollope's arguments are likely to have most weight with those already confirmed in the habit of novel-reading, and who, if any thing, need a little stimulating into other branches of intellectual pleasure, while that large class who are prejudiced against the novel will probably remain unchanged in their judgments. The only difficulty with novel-reading is, that, like dram-drinking, it is so rarely indulged in with moderation. Novel-readers are apt to conceive a distaste for all other kinds of literature; their mental digestion is spoiled for every thing but the most highly-seasoned literary tidbits. Exclusive novel-reading is to the mind very much like what dinners made up solely of pastry and desserts would be for the stomach. The mind that cannot enjoy a good novel is to be pitied; the mind that has fed itself to such excess on the novel, that it has become insensible to every other form of intellectual entertainment—dead to history, philosophy, science, and all the splendid world of investigation and thought lying within them—is a maimed, decrepit, intellectual pauper. But the novel, as one form of intellectual recreation, is admirable; where, in some instances, it proves too stimulating, in others it awakens imagination, arouses feeling, and sets in motion half-dormant forces. The secret of the fondness for the novel, existing so notably among women, young people, and all whose sphere of existence is narrow, is in the fact that it extends the reader's experiences of life, enlarges the field of his sympathies, and multiplies the area of his existence. This expansion, as it were, of one's self is a great fascination, and is only unfavorable when it brings in unwholesome yearnings and restless discontents, or renders the sensibilities mawkish. The novel exalts our ideals of humanity, and often gives us worthy models for imitation. If it fills us sometimes with a few affectations, it compensates by cherishing in our hearts hatred of meanness, cowardice, and all forms of unworthiness. If it occasionally works mischief by dangerous suggestions, it quite as often warns by timely hints. But the good and the bad of the novel have too often been discussed to need further illustration. Like all other mortal institutions, it is of mixed good and evil. To one man it is poison, to another antidote. Within certain limits it cheers, sweetens, and is a means of happiness; beyond those limits, it becomes an indulgence relaxing to the fibres of the mind, and weakening to all our intellectual and moral forces.

— Our contributor who wrote in recent numbers of the *JOURNAL* about "domestic bliss," might have pointed out that the civilization of which we boast so much has brought into our households an army of what may be called regulation comforts, and driven out a host of pleasures. We have methodized our households to an extent that has extracted from home nearly all its sweetness. We heat our houses by elaborate, labor-saving furnaces; we light them with gas

that flows into our rooms from far-off retorts; we bring water, hot or cold, to our bedrooms at a touch; we surround ourselves with these numerous, well-ordered conveniences, and yet for every comfort we thus purchase we shut the door upon some felicity. The essential enjoyment of a pleasure is by contrast. We know what sunlight is by storm; what day is by night; what warmth is by cold; what the pleasures of feeding are by hunger. The sweetness of labor past is often confessed; but we forget the sweetness of a comfort won. How can the family be cozy, confiding, cheerful, and united, around a blazing fire in the sitting-room if every other apartment in the house is equally agreeable? When the temperature of a home in winter-time is the same throughout, the household hearth, so full of delightful associations, so honored in song and story, disappears. And, then, there is always a sacrifice of health in these uniformly-heated houses, especially with home-kept women. Used day after day to a uniform temperature, the moment they venture into the street the sharp change tells upon their sensitive flesh severely, and usually fastens a cold upon them. A pleasure is only enjoyed with thorough raciness and heartiness when it comes infrequently, or as a contrast: if we build ourselves up in organized ease, if we surround ourselves with methodized comforts, our "primrose path of dalliance" may be easy to tread, but life will lose its keen relish, and satiety sooner or later extinguish our capacity for enjoyment. These are truisms, possibly; but some truths need frequent restatement.

— Mr. Beecher has written a defence of the birch as a household regulator, asserting that this instrument of torture should not be employed upon children for minor faults, but that, in cases of cruelty, falsehood, or theft, Solomon's advice should be rigorously adopted. It is evident that in families where the rod is used for graver errors, a familiarity with its use will soon lead to its more general application. A boy once flogged is sure to be flogged again. It cannot be denied that many a boy deserves the birch, and our indignation is very apt, in cases of flagrant sins, to make short work of the matter by a resort to the whip. But the question to be considered is not whether for certain faults or under certain circumstances a child may not to advantage be whipped, but whether in a family or school where the whip is not used there are not, as a whole, better government and better children than in the family or school where it is. It is obvious to almost every one's observation that children reared under a rigorous home discipline, who have been whipped and drilled and ceaselessly punished, never turn out so well as those educated under a milder and more considerate authority. Were schools, a hundred years ago, when whipping was the only known rule of administration, under better control than now? Did they have better pupils, or turn out better men? Are "cruelty, lying, and theft"—the three sins which, according to Mr. Beecher, must be cured by an application of birch—are these vices more common to-day, when flogging is nearly out of date, than they were in the last century, when the whip often hung conspicuously in view as a paternal warning? No truth seems to us more obvious than that mild rule is better for the family or the school than severe rule. All experience, all observation, all history, all philosophy, prove it. We are not advocating lax discipline; there must be authority in the family and subordination also in the family—but most unfortunate is that man who has no other means of reaching the consciences of his children than by flagellation.

— The *Hartford Courant*, in a commendable spirit of inquiry, asks if "handsome people feel differently from plain people in the face. We have heard," continues the *Courant*, "of men, never of women, so ugly that their faces ached; and the opposite cause ought to produce an opposite effect. We believe that plain people, when animated by pleasant thoughts or intellectually excited, may have a facial glow and feeling of beauty—an illusion which the mirror would in most cases dispel. Yet plain people, under the stimulant of noble or pleasurable thoughts, do sometimes appear almost handsome to spectators. Handsome people are, of course, conscious that they are handsome; but have they the physical feeling of beauty?" We have great pleasure in assuring the editor of the *Courant*, which we are personally enabled to do, that handsome people do not have "the physical feeling of beauty." But, at the same time, we are convinced—although this opinion is from deduction, and not from experience—that ugly people really have a consciousness of their ugliness. Is it not natural to suppose that a snub-nosed fellow feels his snub-nose, or that a very big-nosed person is conscious of his disproportionate

proboscis? And, then, is it not evident that a man with his mouth all awry must feel the crookedness of this feature? Will ugly people inform us if we are wrong in this matter?

— It is a little too bad the way the seasons confuse us all. They seem not only to disregard all ordinary precedents as to the proper time for frost, or the suitable period for summer airs, but they are mixing up the zones and the different climates of the world in a fearful disorder. Why, in December last, when we of the wintry North were enjoying soft, sunny days, wondering why crusty and biting old Winter was not with us, the frosty old traveller, who for so many centuries has regularly sojourned in our midst, was off unexpectedly on a tour to a new district, and startling several of the tropic regions with his fierce manners and icy breath. In hot Algiers, ice formed in the gardens during the last days of December, to the amazement of the Frenchmen, the Arabs, and of all to the climate born. Such a thing was unknown to the "oldest inhabitant;" and right glad were the shivering natives to get rid of the unwelcome visitor. We are happy to say that old Winter did not abandon us altogether, and finished his tropical trip in time to return and give us a touch of his quality in February. We could scarcely enjoy our summer without a timely visit from Winter, whose snow and ice have their fine compensations.

— It is a noticeable and melancholy fact that the composition of music of the highest order is one of the worst possible means of obtaining a livelihood. In other words, it doesn't pay. Rossini used to declare that it was utterly impossible, even for a popular opera-writer, to make such an income by his works as would allow him to live comfortably, and lay by something from his savings; and, if this was Rossini's experience, what must naturally have been the fate of those who were greater than he, and who wrote for far more scanty and less wealthy audiences? Handel, it is true, left a handsome fortune behind him; but, like Shakespeare, he earned it as a theatrical manager. Sebastian Bach earned a very modest competency as a teacher and organist; but the sale of his wonderful works would not have kept him in bread, even without the cheese. Mozart and Beethoven barely drove the wolf from the door; and Mendelssohn, happily for himself, was the son of a tolerably wealthy father. But the saddest case of all was that of Schubert, the majority of whose works were wholly unsalable, while from those which were most popular he gained only a wretched pittance.

— We notice a project for the erection of a grand aquarium at Brighton, England, which, in its dimensions, will make a very respectable miniature sea. The length of the structure will be seven hundred feet, and the width one hundred. Boats could freely be launched on such an expanse of water, and one might spend days exploring the secrets and mysteries of the animals and plants gathered within its crystal shores. All the forms of the sea-shore might be represented—the sandy beach, the rock-bound coast, the reedy marsh—while, in the way of animals, if not space enough for the leviathan, or room for the whale, the seal and the porpoise might disport within its liberal "watery waste." Why cannot we have such an aquarium at Central Park? No object would be more attractive to visitors, and none more instructive.

Literary Notes.

"**AMERICAN SOCIETY**," by George Makepeace Towle, is the title of a work, in two volumes, just issued in London, and designed "to give an account, by an American, of American institutions and society, for the benefit of English readers." The work includes an account of our government—the executive, the departments, Congress, and the courts; of our colleges, academies, and public schools; of domestic life in America, urban and suburban; of arts and pastimes; of social and national anniversaries; of our literature and literary people; of the professions; of travelling, and our places of resort; and, finally, of the extent and productions of the United States. A work so comprehensive as this, so carefully and judiciously written, so accurate in its statements, will serve an important end in promoting a better knowledge of America and Americans in England than now obtains. Mr. Towle is well known here as the author of an admirable history of Henry V. of England, and to the readers of this JOURNAL will be remembered as the author of several pleasant Parisian sketches and biographical articles.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods is preparing for the Maine Historical

Society's next volume an original unpublished manuscript of Richard Hakluyt, of the highest historical and geographical interest. It is entitled: "A particular discourse concerning the greatest necessities and manifold comodities that are like to grow to this Realme of Englande by the western discoveries lately attempted, written in the yere 1584, by Richard Hakluyt . . . at the request of Mr. Walter Raleigh before the comynge home of his two Barkes [from Virginia], &c." This invaluable manuscript consists of sixty-three large, closely-written folio pages.

Henry B. Stanton, of New York, is writing an historical sketch of the bench and bar of the State, with incidental notices of some of the distinguished judges and lawyers of other States. It is said that he obtained much of the valuable information he is weaving into his book, in regard to the early lawyers of New York, from the late Daniel Cady; and, in regard to those of modern periods, from the late Joshua A. Spencer and Nicholas Hill.

"The Principles of Domestic Science" is a work from the joint pens of Miss Catherine E. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. It is designed to practically show the economy of labor, the principles of taste, and the resources for pleasure, that should belong to every well-organized home. The book is very suggestive, and is marked by thorough good sense. J. B. Ford & Co. are the publishers.

Bayard Taylor's forthcoming translation of both parts of "Faust" is said to preserve all the metrical peculiarities of the original German, even to the double rhymes (a very difficult task in English), without the addition of a word or thought not warranted by the text. The translation will be accompanied with a full and practical commentary, in which the mysteries of the great drama will be elucidated.

M. Mariette has discovered at Kom-es-sultan, in the neighborhood of Abydos, in Egypt, the tomb of a king of the thirteenth dynasty, named Sebek-em-saw, the only one of this period which has up to this time been discovered. The same eminent Egyptologist has just published, in two magnificent folio volumes—one containing the text, the other the plates—the results of his excavations at Abydos.

In Mr. Rosetti's new edition of Shelley will be inserted two short poems of his maturest time, hitherto unpublished. They were given at Florence to Miss Sophia Stacey, afterward Mrs. Catty, and her family now allow them to appear. The *Athenæum* says, "There is another unpublished poem of Shelley in the hands of a gentleman at Oxford."

The Rev. Charles Townsend, just deceased in England, was a friend of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and Rogers. He is described as a very eccentric wit, who chalked his garden-walls with favorite passages from ancient writers of epigrams, and was the author of similar effusions, which are well remembered among his friends.

Speaking of the "Holy Grail," the London *Examiner* says, "Mr. Tennyson is distinctively the poet of sadness; and his present poem is the very saddest thing he has ever written. 'The Holy Grail' might have been called the History of an Enthusiasm by a Sympathetic Unbeliever."

The London *Athenæum* speaks favorably of "Hans Breitmann in Church," the fourth series of the Breitmann Ballads. "Mr. Leland," it says, "may be said to have created a new kind of humorous poetry, and he seems by no means to have exhausted the vein he was the first to open."

Hawthorne's "English Note-book" will shortly be published, appearing under the editorial supervision of Mrs. Hawthorne. It will contain an account of the author's consular experience, descriptions of English places, and impressions of famous English people.

The Rev. Mr. Gillfillan has been charged by the Presbytery of Dundee with asserting, in "Modern Christian Heroes," that in "The Standards" there are blunders of interpretation, of philosophy, and of doctrine.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, accompanied by Miss Kingsley, has sailed for Trinidad, whence he is to make excursions to the neighboring islands. An account of his tour is promised in a series of "Letters from the Tropics," which are to be printed in *Good Words*.

Sir John Lubbock is now engaged on a work on the origin of civilization and the primitive condition of man. The first volume, on the moral and social condition of savages, is in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans.

A German poet has translated Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," but, as "*sechs hundert*" has no rhyme in the German, he has taken the liberty of increasing it to one thousand—"tausend"—admitting of several rhymes.

The King of Denmark has conferred the knight's cross of the order of the Dannebrog on the Rev. J. Jeffrey, who has done much to spread a knowledge of Danish literature in England.

R. W. Emerson's new volume, to be called "Society and Solitude," will consist of various essays, some of which have already appeared in periodicals, but have been considerably rewritten.

A German Bible, printed in 1610, a year before the King James version was published, has been found in the New Bedford (Mass.) public library.

An illustrated Polish journal has appeared at Warsaw. The woodcuts are good, but the literature, in consequence of the severe censorship under which it is published, is very meagre.

The first three volumes of Professor Jowett's translation of the "Dialogues" of Plato are expected to appear in the course of the present year.

Koosuth is engaged in writing his autobiography, which will simultaneously be published in six languages.

Dr. Hehn, at Berlin, and Professor Francesco Papa, at Turin, have each brought out a book on domestic animals in prehistoric times.

A uniform edition of the poems and imaginative tales of Dr. George MacDonald will appear shortly.

Garibaldi's new work is described as being "one long, bitter, furious attack on priests and priestcraft."

M. Prévost-Paradol, the eminent French author, proposes to deliver a course of lectures in the United States.

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are publishing a monthly journal, called *The Animal World*.

A newspaper is to be started at Dresden, devoted to shooting-stars.

"What Her Face Said," is the title of a new novel announced in London.

Scientific Notes.

DR. SYMES THOMPSON lately lectured at Gresham College, England, upon the subject of "Catching Cold." He explained by means of drawings the effect produced on the system by an attack of catarrh. The minute vessels of the nose, throat, and chest, become surcharged with blood, and, if this congestion be not relieved, inflammation ensues, and ultimately derangement of structure. For prevention of colds there is nothing like a cold bath every morning; "it trains the vessels of the skin to rise vigorously into renewed action after the application of a chill." Hot rooms should be avoided, the skin protected with warm clothing, and, when the temperature of the air is between thirty-two and forty degrees Fahrenheit (which is the condition of atmosphere most liable to produce catarrh), a generous but careful diet should be adopted. For cure, the Turkish bath, or an ordinary vapor-bath, is most efficacious; but the action of the bath should be supplemented by the administration of meat stimulants. A cupful of beef-tea, administered on the very day when he delivered his lecture, had in ten minutes diffused a steady warmth through the system of a patient who had been brought to the Brompton Hospital, cold, pulseless, and apparently on the brink of the grave. Dr. Thompson concluded by warning his hearers that colds, unlike eruptive fevers, the more frequently they recur, the more frequently they may be expected.

Dr. Preyer, of Bonn, has published a monograph which contains an historical view, in a tabular form, of two hundred and ninety-six experiments made upon upward of thirty different kinds of animals—horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, birds, fishes, insects, etc.—with prussic acid, showing that, while the poison does not act instantaneously, the rapidity and certainty with which it destroys life, even in the largest animals, is very remarkable. The author is unfavorable to the use of prussic acid as a therapeutic agent; in any case, it is very dangerous; the beneficial effects ascribed to it do not rest on satisfactory experiments, and the numerous antidotes which have been proposed have proved valueless. The only applications which are of any use are artificial respiration, if the heart still beats, and, where respiration still continues, subcutaneous injection of small quantities of atropin. He also treats of the detection of hydrocyanic acid in the blood, both by the absorption-spectrum and by Schönbein's test, a mixture of copper sulphate and tincture of guaiacum.

It is said that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate on the plains. Instead of continuous droughts all along the railroad, rain now falls in refreshing abundance. In central Ohio, for example, it is said the climate has been completely revolutionized since

iron rails have formed a net-work all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts formerly suffered there, for some four or five years there has been rain in abundance—even more than enough to supply all the wants of farmers. This change is thought to be the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain. It is a fact within the observation of all who remember ante-railroad times, that there are few or no such thunder-storms as formerly took place in New England.

The development and advancement of science are signally indebted to three associations: 1. The Academy del Cimento in Florence, established 19th June, 1657, under the patronage of the Grand-duke Ferdinand II. It continued in vigor only ten years. Among its members were two illustrious disciples of Galileo—Castello, and Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer. 2. The Royal Society of London, established in 1660, though in reality existing many years previously to that date. 3. The Academy of Sciences in Paris, established in the year 1666.

Professor Giebel, of Halle, has made a thorough investigation with regard to the food of the swallow. He examined the alimentary canal in forty-six full-grown birds and in seventy-three young ones. Of the latter, more than half had been fed on insects alone; the stomachs of the others contained, besides insects, a few fruit-stones. The general result of the professor's inquiry is to show that those French naturalists who have asserted that swallows are more injurious to cereals and fruit than to insects are entirely in the wrong.

Complaints having been made against M. Leverrier, Director of the Paris Observatory, by some of the other officials, he has been removed from the post by an imperial decree dated February 5th. The administration of the observatory is temporarily intrusted to a commission of three members.

The earliest society for the promotion of physical science was that established at Naples in the year 1560 (therefore about a century before the formation of the Royal Society of London), under the name *Accademia Secretorum Naturæ*.

Dr. Ladislas de Belina, of Heidelberg, has been thoroughly investigating the subject of the transfusion of blood, and has come to the conclusion that, if carefully conducted, it is by no means a dangerous operation.

The recently-published report of the Cape of Good Hope Meteorological Commission shows that the rainfall at the Cape in 1866 was 19.207 inches, and in 1867 22.965 inches. At Aliwal, on the northern boundary of the colony, the fall was only 12.780 inches.

Miscellany.

Sir Henry Taylor on Women.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR has written for *Fraser's Magazine* a lengthy and very interesting article upon Mill's "Subjection of Women." We can only find room for a condensed statement of some of his arguments, which we copy from an English paper. Sir Henry Taylor disputes Mr. Mill's assumption that an approach to equality is necessarily a good thing; and in doing so, he brings into prominence certain considerations which cannot be overlooked in a really thorough treatment of the question. Thus, Sir Henry Taylor says that the middle classes in foreign countries show more real independence than the middle classes at home. He adds that this is to be explained partly by differences of temperament, but partly also by the fact that where there are fewer openings for social advance, there is more content, less recklessness, and less desire to hang on to the skirts of other people. The increase of political liberty may be a good thing; it may more than counterbalance these disadvantages; but it still involves the payment of a certain price. The fact and the alleged explanation may both of them be inaccurate; but they point to a difficulty which cannot be simply neglected. Men are condemned, or privileged, in England to live in a state of incessant struggle with each other, and in a constant anxiety about petty practical details. Is it plain, so plain as to need no argument, that women would be elevated by forcing them into the same struggle, or at least breaking down all the barriers which at present keep them to lives of comparative repose? It may very well be that women are now deprived of careers which would give a much-needed stimulus to their intellects, and that it would be well to provide them, not only with superior means of culture, but with superior motives for exertion. But the fact that they are now too often condemned to a purely frivolous existence does not demonstrate that they should be encouraged to imitate the more busy, but not always more elevating, pursuits in which masculine lives are generally absorbed. Without pretending to decide the question off-hand, we think that Sir H. Taylor has raised a question which cannot

be summarily set aside as irrelevant or sentimental. Pursuing the same argument into a more practical application, what are we to say to the admission of women to the bar? Sir H. Taylor describes with great force the kind of life which would be provided by such an arrangement. It may be pleasant to think of "widows or wives of forty or fifty" sitting on the bench of judgment; but how are they to get there? Unless some very sweeping change takes place, they must begin, as men begin, at a very early age. Sir H. Taylor pursues in imagination the "small foot of our (feminine) law pupil to the chambers of the special pleader;" he imagines her spending the day with a company of "assiduous young gentlemen distinguished by that modesty and backwardness which guarantee success at the bar;" retiring late at night to her solitary lodgings; attending criminal and civil business at the courts, and acquiring "daily familiarity with all the villainies that are done under the sun, and all the vices that mix themselves up with indictable offences or lead to litigation;" and finally rising to the bench, and, after exchanging her wig for a black cap, sentencing a prisoner at the bar to be taken to the place whence he came, and be hanged by the neck till he is dead. He expresses an opinion that a "good girl" would rather be hanged herself; and we must admit that there is much to be said for his opinion.

A New Dramatic Entertainment.

A new form of entertainment has been provided for London amusement-seekers. Mr. Bellow has been giving, at St. George's Hall, a reading of scenes selected from Hamlet, while a series of pictures, or, more properly, *tableaux vivants*, with living figures and scenic accessories, accompany the reader's rendition of the language. The effect is said to be very odd and often grotesque. The attention of the spectator is divided between the speaker and his double on the stage, whose lips move and hands gesticulate in compliance with the utterance of the language. The entertainment is described by the *Saturday Review* as follows: "In order to keep his reading within the prescribed limit of time, Mr. Bellow begins with the second scene of the first act. The curtain draws up as in a regular theatre, and discloses what the programme calls a room of state in Elsinore. The king, queen, Hamlet, and the court, are very creditably dressed after approved models. Mr. Bellow has previously taken his place at a table in front of the stage, and at a lower level, where he stands facing the audience. He begins to read, 'Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death,' etc. The king makes a movement to indicate that he is the person to whom the words belong. Presently he arrives at the line, 'But now my cousin Hamlet and my son,' whereupon Hamlet indicates in like manner that reference is made to him, or, as the fine writers say, that he is the individual alluded to. Soon after, Hamlet has to speak, and Mr. Bellow reads the well-known lines beginning 'Seems, madam! nay, it is, I know not seems,' while the figure on the stage accompanies the words by a lackadaisical look and gestures, expressive of a conviction that it is all up with the Prince of Denmark. But, at the same time, Mr. Bellow not only reads, but illustrates his reading by facial play and motion of the hands, and, as far as space will permit, of the legs also; and thus we have one Hamlet acting on the stage, and another on a lower platform in front of it. Mr. Bellow probably knows a good deal of the play by rote, and he has a gigantic book, of which we suppose the type is in proportion to the page, so that he is able to see it without looking close, and does not need to use his hand to hold his book or keep his place. Thus he is able, so to speak, to engage his audience two-handed; and when he gets a little excited with his own declamation of Hamlet's speeches, he gesticulates with a vigor that makes him appear, as compared with the other Hamlet on the stage, like a very big horse running in double harness with a very little pony. Soon, however, he gets rid of the pony as an encumbrance, and runs alone. When the king has finished his last speech, down comes the curtain, and Mr. Bellow, now in sole possession of the house, proceeds, 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' etc., while to our great amazement we perceive that the flesh of the other Hamlet actually has melted, or, at any rate, that he has made himself scarce in a sudden and wholly unexpected way. In this strange fashion the play proceeds to the end."

Women at the Edinburgh University.

The University of Edinburgh has adopted the following regulations for the education of women in medicine: "1. Women shall be admitted to the study of medicine in the university. 2. The instruction of women for the profession of medicine shall be conducted in separate classes confined entirely to women. 3. The professors of the faculty of medicine shall for this purpose be permitted to have separate classes for women. 4. Women not intending to study medicine professionally, may be admitted to such of these classes, or to any part of such courses of instruction given in such classes, as the University Court may from time to time think fit and approve. 5. The fee for the full course of instruction in such classes shall be four guineas; but in the event of the number of students proposing to attend any such class being too small to provide a reasonable remuneration at that rate, it shall be in the power

of the professor to make arrangements for a higher fee, subject to the usual sanction of the University Court. 6. All women attending such classes shall be subject to all the regulations now, or at any future time, in force in the university as to the matriculation of students, their attendance on classes, examination, or otherwise. 7. The above regulations shall take effect from the commencement of session 1869-70."

Will of a French Sportsman.

A well-known character in Parisian circles, and founder of the French Jockey Club, Count de Château-Villard, died a few months ago, leaving behind him a considerable fortune, the disposition of a portion of which, by reason of its eccentricity, is just now under consideration by the Paris tribunals at the instance of the count's two grown-up children, the offspring of his first marriage. It seems that during his lifetime this celebrated French sportsman was in the habit of burying his old hounds in a particular enclosure on his estate, and that he had erected over them a monumental column inscribed "To my true friends." The count, however, desired to carry his affection for these members of the brute creation a step further, and to be buried beside them, and gave this direction in his will, leaving, moreover, a sum of sixty thousand francs for the erection of a handsome mausoleum, within which were to be disposed the statues, busts, and other works of art, at his chateau of Villard, together with all the portraits of his female friends. A further sum, sufficient to produce two thousand francs a year, was to be set aside for the salary of a keeper of the proposed mausoleum. The widow of the count desires that the provisions of the will may be strictly fulfilled, and has instructed counsel to support her views before the tribunal that will judge the case.

Antiquities from Smyrna.

Some antiquities which arrived in Malta from Smyrna some months ago on board H. M. S. Antelope are now on their way to England. They are intended for the British Museum, and fill upward of two hundred cases. The greater portion of these antiquities is the result of six months' excavations among the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Polias at Priene, in Asia Minor, by Mr. R. P. Pullen, who, as architect of Mr. Newton's expedition to Halicarnassus, rendered good service to archaeology, and has since distinguished himself by his explorations of the Temple of Bacchus at Teos, and of Apollo Smintheus at the Troad, under the auspices of the Dilettanti Society. The cases now on their way to England contain fragments of the sculptural and architectural adornments of the temple, including portions of the celebrated statue of Minerva, mentioned by Pausanias, a colossal female head of a fine period, parts of several draped statues, heads of the Macedonian time, and fragments of the frieze, which in style closely resembles the reliefs on the mausoleum, and is believed, in fact, to be by the same hand. There are also a few inscriptions of much interest.

Vultures search for Food by Sight, not by Smell.

"I am convinced, from repeated observations," says A. R. Wallace, "that the vultures depend entirely on sight, and not at all on smell, in seeking out their food. While skinning a bird, a dozen of them used to be always waiting attendance at a moderate distance. The moment I threw away a piece of meat, they would all run up to seize it; but it frequently happened to fall in a little hollow of the ground or among some grass, and then they would hop about, searching within a foot of it, and very often go away without finding it at all. A piece of stick or paper would bring them down just as rapidly, and, after seeing what it was, they would quietly go back to their former places. They always choose elevated stations, evidently to see what food they can discover; and, when soaring at an immense height in the air, they will descend into the forest where a cow has died or been killed, long before it becomes putrid or emits any strong smell. I have often wrapped a piece of half-putrid meat in paper and thrown it to them, and even then, after hopping up to it, they will retire quite satisfied that it is only paper, and nothing at all eatable."

A Curious Relic.

A child, while playing near Drogheda, Ireland, found a curious piece of metal, which she gave to an old woman, who took it to a dealer in old iron and got a shilling for it. The dealer in his turn sold it for two pounds ten shillings, and it has finally been purchased for the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin for three hundred pounds. It proved to be the celebrated "Tara brooch," one of the most remarkable pieces of goldsmith's work known to exist. It is formed of white bronze—this probably saved it from the melting-pot, to which countless treasures of gold and silver have been consigned—the surface overlaid with gold filigree-work of surprising intricacy and marvellous delicacy of execution. Such is its excellence that one of the most accomplished living goldsmiths declared that he could not find a workman, with every apparent advantage of modern knowledge and appliance, competent to make such another.

Examination of Women.

The authorities at Cambridge, England, announce that an examination, commencing on Monday, July 4th, and continuing daily to July 9th, inclusive, will be open to women who have completed the age of eighteen years before January 1st. Candidates will be examined in such places as the syndics appointed by the university may determine. The syndicate will entertain applications from places where twenty-five fees at least are guaranteed. Before any application for an examination be approved, the syndicate must be satisfied as to the following points: 1. That there is a committee of ladies who will efficiently superintend the examination, one of whom will undertake to act as local secretary. 2. That this committee will see that suitable accommodation can be obtained by candidates who are strangers to the place. 3. That a responsible person will be at hand to receive the examination papers from the conducting examiner, and collect the answers.

Englishmen in India.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, commenting upon the difficulty of mixing with the natives in India, says: "We have never yet seen or heard of a case in which an English gentleman had managed to mingle on free and equable terms with the native community, although we have known of many who have tried to do so, and who gained golden opinions by their affability and courtesy, something tempered, we must confess, by a little suspicion among the people that they were acting a part, and had something to gain. It is, we repeat, all but impossible for an English gentleman, at least in the government service, to mix with natives as one gentleman with another, unless we can change the whole character of both. Real native gentlemen now keep themselves apart altogether from society in general, and their places are but poorly filled by nobodies from our presidency colleges, who form, as a rule, apt illustrations of the proverb, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.'"

"Kangaroos and Rabbits."

Mr. D. Tellerman, of London, writes to the *Australasian*: "Two things exist in the colonies that are looked upon as a positive pest where they abound, and yet, with a little trouble, they can be made a source of immense profit to those concerned. I allude to the kangaroo and the rabbit. The first is admirably adapted for sausages, and, if made the same size and shape of the ordinary German sausage, would sell well in this market at one shilling per pound. With a moderate-size chopping-machine and a two-horse engine, from two to three tons per day could be turned out. They could be well packed in fat, when they would reach here in fine condition. I think Mr. Michie, in one of his celebrated lectures, referred to the kangaroo sausage, and could possibly give further information about them; at any rate, the subject is well worth the attention of settlers in the western district, where they abound."

A Chinese Illusion.

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, writing from Shanghai, states that the respect of the Chinese for the power of European states is by no means increased since they have seen his royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. This, however, is not the fault of the prince, who is rather to be pitied than blamed. It had been rumored before his arrival that the son of the Queen of England was ten feet high and had three eyes. Great and not unnatural disappointment was, therefore, experienced when it was discovered that he possessed no other advantages of height and vision than those enjoyed by ordinary mortals. The British residents have been much humiliated by this unavoidable destruction of an illusion which had taken a powerful hold on the minds of the natives.

Vulgar Error regarding Tropical Vegetation.

"It is a vulgar error, copied and repeated from one book to another," says A. R. Wallace, "that in the tropics the luxuriance of the vegetation overpowers the efforts of man. Just the reverse is the case. Nature and the climate are nowhere so favorable to the laborer, and I fearlessly assert that here the 'primeval' forest can be converted into rich pasture and meadow-land, into cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, containing every variety of produce, with half the labor, and, what is of more importance, in less than half the time, that would be required at home, even though there we had clear, instead of forest ground to commence upon."

An Original Device.

Mrs. Le Roy, the wife of a watchmaker at St. Heliers, in the English island of Jersey, had an excessive appetite for liquors, and her husband, combining his inventive skill with a strong conviction of what was best for the family welfare, constructed a wire mask for the lady, fastened it at the back of the head by a padlock, which was intended effectually to prevent her from imbibing a drop in his absence. For this prohibitory measure Mr. Le Roy was fined ten shillings, though it appears that, like some other devices of the kind, it was defective in its practical working,

Mrs. Le Roy being able to turn it round on her head, and enjoy the contents of small glasses through the coarser meshes of the rear portion.

An Aristocratic College.

The education of the masses of the people is an aim peculiar to very modern civilization. Here is the first rule of a college, or academy, called Minerva's Museum, established about 1635 in London, under the patronage of Charles I.: "Every man that shall be admitted into the said museum, shall bring a testimonial of his arms and gentry, and his coat of arms tricked [drawn with heraldic devices] on a table, to be conserved in the museum."

Varieties.

IN the London Directory, the Smith family count up to about one thousand six hundred; the Browns, eight hundred; the Joneses, seven hundred; the Whites, four hundred and fifty; the Greens, three hundred and fifty; the Knights and Days, two hundred each; the Johnsons and Johnstons, six hundred; the Robertses and Robinsons, four hundred; the Thomsons and Thompsons, five hundred; the Turners, four hundred; the Woods, four hundred; and the Wards, three hundred.

A song that is just now very popular in the London music-halls has the unusual feature of funniness in the idea. The chorus runs thus:

"I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau."

In the early days a bride's marriage-portion consisted of a feather bed, six chairs, a cherry bureau and table, six cups and saucers, six teaspoons, and a quantity of sand for scouring the floors. Nowadays the groom does not demand the sand even, if the bride's father will only come down with the dust.

For vigorous, original English, one must go West or South. A Memphis gentleman is described by a paper there by the remark that "his forehead extends to the gable end of his neck;" which is interpreted to "mean that he is barefooted on the top of his head."

The numerous deluded "American heirs" to English estates, who are constantly being fleeced by lawyers, would save their money if they were aware that an alien cannot be an heir in England where there is no will, and that he cannot take real estate, even if left to him by will.

Goethe defended duelling in this way: "Of what consequence is a human life? A single battle destroys thousands. It is more important that the principle of a point of honor, a certain security against rude acts, should be kept living."

Experiments have been made at the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital, Paris, of an electrical heating-apparatus, the trial of which has been so successful that it is proposed to warm all the other hospitals of Paris with it, instead of coal.

"You can do any thing if you have patience," said an old uncle who had made a fortune to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

The English planters at Singapore have for years offered a bounty for the killing of tigers. But, with the decrease of those animals, the wild hogs have grown so numerous as to destroy the crops, and now they are protecting the tigers.

The number of illegitimate children in the various countries in Europe varies from twenty-one to four per cent. of the whole. The former figures apply to Bavaria, and the latter to Holland. In England the ratio is about eight per cent.

There are seventeen million three hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and ninety-eight acres of land in Florida which have never been sold or appropriated; over six millions more than in any other Southern State.

A California editor has been interviewing a cinnamon bear. He describes the conduct of the interviewed as touching in the extreme, so much so that he was constrained to leave with him several locks of hair and his overcoat.

The expiration of Bessemer's patent is likely to increase the general use of steel instead of iron. The London and Northwestern Railway Company has already made arrangements for laying a considerable distance with steel rails in place of worn-out iron ones.

At Ningpo, a lecture on telegraphy, illustrated by experiments, has been given to a Chinese audience by Mr. J. D. Bishop, the Rev. J. M.

Knowlton acting as interpreter. The Chinese are said to have been satisfied.

Even as late as the year 1666, authors were found to maintain "that the soul of animals is nothing but fire;" and, stranger still, the theory was gravely noticed in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society, without any expression of dissent.

By a recent German invention, water-proof dress goods may be manufactured with some regard for beauty as well as service, and the monotonous black or dull shades but lately introduced can be supplanted by clothes in all the bright and varied aniline colors.

A grammarian's thought—What a contrast there sometimes is between the adjective and its adverb! Reflect, for example, on the wide difference that exists between the man who is constant in love and the man who is constantly in love!

A European traveller says that it cost him sixteen dollars in New York to take his family and baggage to the boat, and that very much the same service was performed for him at Paris for two dollars and fifty cents.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, being asked to speak at the close of a lecture in Boston on "the lesson of Quakerism," said he had "hoped to hear some good silence, as more appropriate to the theme before them."

A showman at Omaha exhibits one of his eyes, preserved in a bottle, which, he tells the audience, "was gouged out in a free fight in the early days of this yere town."

The Amazon drains an area of two million five hundred thousand square miles; its mouth is ninety-six miles wide, and it is navigable two thousand two hundred miles from its mouth.

Dr. Techudi, in his "Travels in Peru," says of Lima that, at an average, forty-five shocks of earthquake may be counted on in the year.

A rolling-mill in Pennsylvania has rolled out a finely-polished sheet of iron, three feet long and twelve inches wide, and weighing but three and a half ounces. It is thinner than ordinary writing-paper.

A Boston correspondent of a Western paper says the "Boston club-women sit about their pleasant open fire in their unobtrusive attire, and talk by the hour on Greek philosophy and the Hindoo religion."

With the recent annexations Boston covers nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven acres; New York Island has an area of fourteen thousand acres.

The University of the Pacific, at Santa Clara, California, is teaching male and female pupils in the same classes. The plan works well, and the institution is prosperous.

Voltaire is the author of the saying, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him," which has been attributed to John Wilkes and to Lord Lytton.

Horace Walpole tells a story of a lord-mayor of London in his time, who, having heard that a friend had had the small-pox twice, asked if he died the first time or the second.

Some rash fellow says that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote, until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

A marble quarry has been discovered in Wisconsin which yields a stone that has the appearance when polished of being inlaid with myriads of shells.

There are seven sisters residing in Holmesburg, Pa., whose average age is seventy-two years. The youngest is sixty-four, and the oldest is eighty-one.

A Berlin professor says that all children are born with blue eyes; the darker hues come later.

A Hartford life-insurance company has granted policies to two men whose hearts, the surgeons have ascertained, are on their right sides.

A citizen of Boston, who wants to see the national debt wiped out, has just contributed ten cents toward that object.

The Emperor Napoleon is one of the largest landed proprietors in Spain. He has been buying land in that country for the last ten years.

The price of a three-cent cigar has fallen in Hayti to two hundred and fifty dollars in currency.

The Rev. Albert Barnes says the world is becoming better every year, every month, every day.

Twelve per cent. per annum is legal interest in Virginia now.

Why is one dollar greenback better than a silver dollar? When you fold it you double it, and when you open it you find it increases.

A Schenectady justice of the peace decides that a "verbal contract is not good without a stamp."

The Japanese colonists in California are said to be much more clean and neat than the Chinese.

In Baltimore nearly five thousand women find steady employment throughout the season in packing oysters.

When you leave a church after a wedding ceremony, you may be said to be going out with the tide.

Rocheport has given no names to his children, and they are designated simply as No. 1, No. 2, etc.

Grand Junction, Iowa, has presented its first native citizen, a girl, with a corner lot.

Gottschalk, the pianist, left a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars.

San Francisco claims a population of one hundred and seventy-two thousand.

Three hundred and fifty American families are now in Dresden.

During his brief premiership, Mr. Gladstone has made seven bishops

The man in debt for his shoes cannot say that his sole is his own.

Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

The Museum.

WE give this week an illustration of a beautiful family of the order called *Echinida*, because they are covered with spines like the quills of the hedgehog. Popularly, they are known by the name of sea-urchins, or sea-eggs.

In all these curious beings the upper parts are protected by a kind of shell always more or less dome-shaped, but extremely variable in form. The shell is one of the most marvellous structures in the animal kingdom, and the mechanical difficulties which are overcome in its formation are of no ordinary kind. In the case of the common sea-egg, the shell is nearly globular. Now, this shell increases in size with the age of the animal; and how a hollow spherical shell can increase regularly in size, not materially altering its shape, is a problem of extreme difficulty. It is, however, solved in the following manner:

The shell is composed of a vast number of separate pieces, whose junction is evident when the interior of the shell is examined, but is almost entirely hidden by the projections upon the outer surface. These pieces are of a hexagonal or pentagonal shape, with a slight curve, and having mostly two opposite sides much longer than the others. As the animal grows, fresh deposits of chalky matter are made upon the edges of each plate, so that the plates increase regularly in size, still keeping their shape, and, in consequence, the dimensions of the whole shell increase, while the globular shape is preserved.

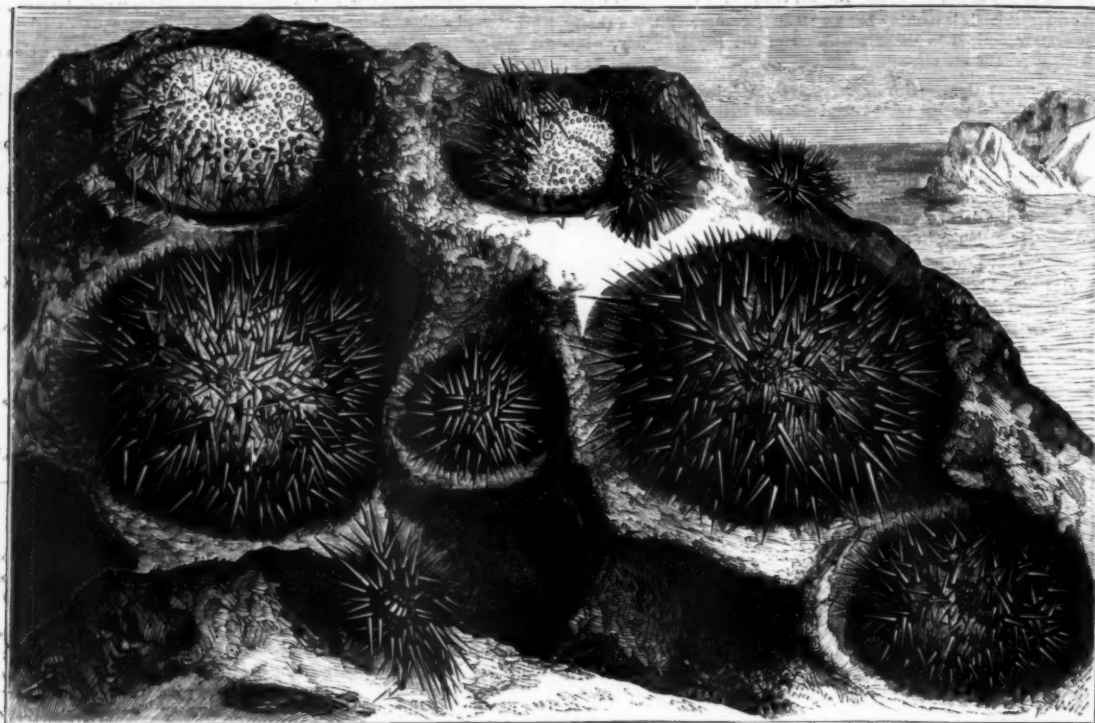
If a fresh and perfect specimen be examined, the surface is seen to be covered with short, sharp spines set so thickly that the substance of the shell can hardly be seen through them. The structure of these spines is very remarkable, and under the microscope they present some most interesting details. Moreover, each spine is movable at the will of the owner, and works upon a true ball-and-socket joint, the ball being a round globular projection on the surface of the shell, and the socket sunk into the base of the spine. When the creature is dead and dried, the membrane which binds together the ball-and-socket joint becomes very fragile, so that at a slight touch the membrane is broken and the spines fall off.

The sea-urchins appear altogether to be destitute of sight. They have the power of hollowing a dwelling for themselves out of solid rocks of the hardest material, such as granite and sandstone. They fix themselves to its surface by means of their tentacles; they make an incision by means of their strong teeth, removing the *débris* with their spines as fast as it is produced. When the hole is large enough, they intrench themselves in it, with their spines and their threatening pikes levelled to protect them from all external assaults. This property of hollowing their dwelling out of the solid rock appears, however, to belong to only a small number of the *echinida*; most of them are content to hide themselves under the stones, while the species having the spines slender and the shell very thin bury themselves in the sand, with which they cover themselves entirely, leaving only a small hole to breathe through.

Sea-urchins are found in every sea; they dwell on sandy bottoms, and sometimes upon rocky ground. They are caught with wooden pinners when in shallow water: when found at the water's edge, they may be taken by a gloved hand. They are eaten raw like oysters. They are cut in four parts, and the flesh taken out with a spoon; they are

sometimes, but more rarely, dressed by boiling, and eaten from the shell like an egg, using long sippets of bread; hence, the name of sea-

eggs, which they bear in many countries. Only certain species are comestible.



Sea-Urchins lodged in the Rocks they have excavated.

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A TIMELY WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The opening of Spring is regarded all over the land as the signal for house-cleaning operations, and this duty is generally a very perplexing and unpleasant one. If there is any season of the year when the temper and patience of the entire household—family and servants—are put to a severe test, it is in the spring-time, when the whole house, from top to bottom, has to be

RENOVATED, CLEANSED, AND SCOURED.

We are confident all housekeepers will gladly accept and adopt every means promising relief under these trying circumstances. The discovery of a new agent, to save the hard work of brush-scrubbing, and reduce the perplexities of house-cleaning to a simple and pleasant operation, has long been a desideratum.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SAPOLIO

Has completely and fully supplied this want, and the spring house-cleaning for 1870 will afford a pleasant and joyful contrast to the similar work of former years. Only a few months have elapsed since the manufacture of SAPOLIO began, and already it has become a favorite substitute for any and all other cleansing compounds.

No other article for cleansing purposes will accomplish the desired end so easily, rapidly, and cheaply, as SAPOLIO. By its use,

THE WORK OF DAYS IS REDUCED TO AS MANY HOURS,

And domestic clouds give way to warm and happy sunshine. The readers of APPLETONS' JOURNAL—the ladies, especially—will not fail to appreciate the force of this reasoning. The fame and popularity of ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SOAPS have for years been known throughout the civilized world, and SAPOLIO bids fair to rival every other branch of their trade.

NOTICE.

Will be commenced in the ensuing number of the JOURNAL, a New Novel, entitled

THE LADY OF THE ICE,

By JAMES DE MILLE,

Author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc. This novel will appear, with illustrations, regularly in each number of the JOURNAL until completed.

Mr. DICKENS'S New Novel, "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," will not be commenced in England until March 31st. It will appear in the JOURNAL as rapidly as its publication abroad will permit.

A large number of yearly subscriptions to the JOURNAL, which began with Number One, expire with the present number.

Subscribers are respectfully urged to renew their subscriptions without delay, in order that there may be no interruptions in the mailing of the numbers.

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